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Forward — to the Acquisitive Society

THE Bournemouth conference marks a turning-point for the Tory Party. Its rank-and-file have long been impatiently waiting for its leaders to disengage themselves from the social and financial policies of the Labour Government. Party stalwarts from shire and suburb nod approval to the tougher line of such ministers as Mr. Macleod and Mr. Sandys; enthusiasm kindles to Mr. Butler's undertaking to cut public spending and investment. The New Look of post-war Conservatism has never been popular in Cheltenham or the City; and with inflation to provide an excuse (and with four more years of office) most Conservatives no longer see any reason to shirk what the Chancellor calls "comprehensive measures."

Mr. Butler himself continues to wrap his remedies in smiles. Yet the bankers and merchants who applauded his speech at the Mansion House on Tuesday were satisfied that he means business. They have already promoted a campaign against the "irresponsibility" of wage claims; next comes a cut in what Mr. Cobbold, the Governor of the Bank of England, called "the continuing high level of expenditure and borrowing" by the Government and by local authorities. "At home and abroad," Mr. Cobbold bluntly told the Chancellor, "people are waiting eagerly for action."

The bankers feel that they have already made their sacrifice by calling in overdrafts, which are the most profitable part of their business; "brimful" employment must now be "restrained" by direct Government economies. This necessarily means substantial cuts in the investment programmes for the nationalised industries; high interest rates are already accelerating the decline in private investment. But the social services remain the real target for this offensive. Housing offers the quickest returns. Mr. Sandys has been told to reduce both the rate of construction and the cost of public housing. Fewer houses are to be built by local authorities; those that are built are to be more expensive; and great pressure will now be put on local councils to make their tenants pay economic rents. No wonder that Mr. Sandys has become the hero of the Bournemouth hotel lobbies. For he is not only saving the taxpayers' money. He is also opening the way to a further relaxation of rent restriction and, what is psychologically important for the Tory rank-and-file, attacking the much-resented subsidies which permit workers to buy TV sets and motor cycles.

The new trend of Tory social policy, indeed, is as much a reflection of the suppressed resentments of the middle-class as it is an effort to grapple with the country's difficulties. A significant editorial in the *Sunday Times* (October 2) serves to remind Tories of their traditional outlook. The State, it said, should only do for the citizen those things he cannot do for himself. State education should only "supplement" private schools: more people should pay school fees—but receive tax allowances for them—and public money should be used to reduce university costs for all, while every scholarship should be subject to a means test. There should be more charges for medical treatment; all rents should be economic; and the public should be set free to buy unsubsidised food. In short, State help should in future be denied to all but the very poorest.

If Conservatism is now going to be so far logical and candid, then Labour should find it easier to restate its opposite philosophy. A great party will not be revived merely by organisational reforms, important though these are. A party machine can only be rebuilt by enthusiasts who have a cause to fight for. The new mood of the Conservative Party gives the Opposition more than a broad range of day-to-day issues on which to fight. It gives Labour also an opportunity to define and to remind the country of the issues of principle which separate a Socialist from an acquisitive society.

Comments on the Week's News

The Western Plan for Geneva

The western Foreign Ministers—if one may judge from Mr. Macmillan's speeches—seem to expect little to be settled at the forthcoming Geneva Conference. Mr. Dulles, Mr. Macmillan and M. Pinay took advantage of their meeting at the General Assembly last week to formulate the western line for Geneva. "Complete accord," it need hardly be added, was reached. Mr. Macmillan, speaking at a New York public dinner, later revealed that the western plan is to offer the Russians a security pact in return for the reunification of Germany under free elections. "If . . . our plans are rejected, we shall be driven to believe that Russia's refusal to liberate Germany is based not on legitimate considerations of national security, but on the wholly illegitimate determination to consolidate her grip on one half of the country and even to extend it over the other." But this is neither a valid nor even a very plausible deduction. Is it necessarily unreasonable if the Russians are unconvinced of the value of being guaranteed by an anti-Soviet military alliance whose bases encircle their territory? Then there are the satellites: are their frontiers also to be guaranteed? If not, it is difficult to believe that Russia would find it politically possible to accept a western guarantee, even supposing she wished to. Finally, are the Russians insanely suspicious if they doubt whether a sovereign Reich, reunited and rearmed, would necessarily be susceptible to control—even if Nato intentions were unexceptionable? No doubt Mr. Macmillan's post-prandial rhetoric may be written off as the flourish of a new man seeking to make his mark with the Americans: two days later, addressing the General Assembly, he used more moderate and more sensible language—the West "would be glad" to consider any amendments or additions if their security proposals at Geneva were "insufficient." The likely outcome of Geneva is, in fact, what Mr. Macmillan has himself described as "a long haul of negotiation": it may well take place in what is now known as the Geneva spirit—that is to say, with each side accepting that the other has (at least for the time being) renounced the arbitrament of nuclear war without abandoning its main objectives of policy.

Nasser's Arms Deal

The tragi-comedy of the Egyptian arms deal with Czechoslovakia has been continued this week with protests from the western Foreign Ministers addressed to anybody who could be remotely expected to listen to them, a portentous diplomatic statement from Israel, in which the word "aggression" was used, and the innocent (but unanswerable) observation from both Colonel Nasser and the Czechs that the right to obtain arms on commercial terms from any available source is inherent in national sovereignty. The serious side of the affair is its effect of increasing the military tension between Israel and Egypt. Some of this week's forebodings about a full-scale arms race are no doubt exaggerated—and the Israeli statement was studiously moderate in its proviso "if the reports of a substantial acquisition of arms by Egypt prove to be accurate"; but with the intervention of the Soviet bloc, this time on the Arab side (Israel has already had at least one consignment of "Red" arms), the arms build-up between Israel and the Arabs is no longer under western control. It follows, then, that if a limitation or an embargo on munitions supply is to be successfully applied—and this is surely the prerequisite of a settlement—it must be by a consortium of powers; and that, whether or not it operates through the machinery of U.N., must now include the Soviet Union. It is this Soviet "penetration" of the Middle East which has so much infuriated western statesmen; and certainly it does make recent western strategy in the Middle East look very silly. It is now completely unreal to suppose that the Arab countries can any longer be regarded as exclusively western pawns: it may also be undesirable. Any real thawing of the cold war must at least involve co-operation rather than obstruction at the world's principal points of tension.

The Course of Wages

The figures of earnings and hours for April of this year, published in the current *Ministry of Labour Gazette*, show a rise of 8½ per cent. above those of October, 1954, or, for men only, nearly 10 per cent. This brought them to 242 per cent. —for men only 215 per cent.—above the level of October, 1938. Men's earnings have risen least of all, girls under 18 most, with youths and boys, rather above the women, in between. The relative rise of women's and girls' earnings means the more because, whereas the men were working an hour more a week this April than in 1938, the women were working an hour and a half and the girls two hours less. The boys and youths also had dropped an hour. The lower men's earnings are in fact due largely to a drop in differentials for the more highly skilled. The figures are of weekly earnings, including overtime payments, and show a steeper rise than wage-rates, which had risen on the overall average by only about 145 per cent. above those of October, 1938. The *Gazette* also shows the estimated change in wage-rates this year up to August—a rise of £4.4 millions a week to just over 11 million workers as compared with £2.6 millions to 8¼ million workers during the corresponding months of 1954. It is clear that during the past two years earnings have been rising on the average considerably faster than output. For all the industries covered by the returns, which exclude mining, railways, docks, agriculture, and most of the service and non-manual occupations, the average earnings this April were 217s. 5d. for men, 112s. 5d. for women, 90s. 11d. for boys and youths, and 71s. 6d. for girls, with an overall average of 182s. 3d. In the coal mines, a separate return shows average cash earnings this April of 253s. 9d. for males and 266s. 8d. for men over 21; and for dockers the average from April to June of this year comes out at 246s. For male agricultural workers over 21 the average weekly earnings from October, 1954, to March, 1955, were 150s. 2d., and for women 96s. 5d. For all groups of wage-earners, wage-earnings in 1954 were 42.4 per cent. of all personal incomes and 39.2 per cent. of the gross national product, as compared with 37.9 per cent. and 37.1 per cent. in 1938. The wages share has thus improved substantially since 1938; but it had not changed greatly since 1948, when it was 41.6 per cent. of all personal incomes and 40.1 per cent. of the gross product. Actually salaries have been rising faster than wages, from 17.9 per cent. of all personal incomes in 1938 and 19.8 per cent. in 1948 to 21.3 per cent. in 1954.

The Rumanian Re-shuffle

The changes in the Rumanian Government and party leadership follow hard on the heels of the amnesty for war criminals. After special meetings of the central committee, the trade union leadership and the National Assembly, Gheorgiu-Dej has followed the Polish and Hungarian models, surrendering the position of Premier and remaining as First Secretary of the party At the same time, the party congress—postponed several times—has now been announced for the end of the year. These developments are undoubtedly a response to pressure from the Soviet Government. Mr. Krushchev has paid two visits to Bucharest this year, and presumably has been seriously disturbed by the crisis facing the regime. Almost nothing has been done to create even an impression of "liberalisation"; and, apart from widespread discontent in the country, Rumania is facing grave economic difficulties. In this case, however, reform is difficult. Both competent people and people capable of carrying through a genuine change are lacking, not least because the regime has systematically eliminated qualified technicians, professional workers and the politically literate. At this stage, therefore, the changes are no more than a rearrangement of posts between the men responsible for the policies that have already led to the present internal crisis.

A New Party Line in Malaya

The Chief Minister Tengku Abdul Rahman has now received what must be considered an acceptance by the Malayan Communist Party of his invitation to meet them round the conference table. The Minister's invitation, issued after talks with the High Commissioner, Sir Donald McGillivray and the director of operations, General Bourne, was to a meeting at which Tengku Abdul Rahman proposed to clarify the recent amnesty offer. This offer, widely publicised on September 8 has had little response—only 20 guerilla fighters have so far surrendered. But whilst the Malayan Communist Party may not be prepared for direct talks with the British officials, they now seem willing to send their Secretary General, Chin Peng, to meet leaders of the Malayan and Chinese communities. Such a meeting might be still further enlarged by representatives from Singapore, the Chief Minister of which has now stated his willingness to take part in talks. In this, as in other matters, Mr. David Marshall and Tengku Abdul Rahman seem to be approaching a common front. Have the Communists now decided—with or without encouragement from Peking—that, with a London conference on independence fixed for next February, politics and propaganda are better policies than guerilla warfare?

Indian Communists Out of Step

The Russians and Chinese seem to have advised the Indian Communist Party that it ought to adopt the live-and-let-live approach of the post-Stalin period. But if so, the Indian Communists are certainly divided about it; and some of them cannot stomach co-existence with Nehru. How, they ask, can a strong Communist Party be built if the leadership of the opposition in India is left to the Nehru-baiters in the Socialist party? So, while the Russians and the Chinese have directed their policy towards making Nehru their enthusiastic ally, the Indian Communists are hard at work exploiting the weaknesses in the Indian social

system. Take, for instance, the obviously risky business of re-dividing India along linguistic lines, which is the subject of the report of a National Commission just presented to the Government. In the north-eastern states of India, the Manipur Communist Party, strengthened by cadres of experienced underground workers from Telengana, is advocating an autonomous area which would include districts from Assam, Manipur and the Naga territories; and young Indian Communists from Manipur, armed with a radio transmitter, have for some time been telling the Nagas that the Americans are going to destroy them with atom bombs and that they ought to support a free Nagaland. These Manipurees have, on occasions, crossed the frontier illegally into the Naga territories of Burma, seeking contacts with the Burmese Nagas as well as with the Burmese Communists who are still engaged in civil war with the Government in Rangoon. Recently, indeed, Indian troops have had to carry out military operations to check Naga attacks on Indian villages. The Indian Communists will have now to stop this nonsense, or they will find themselves in revolt against Moscow as well as Delhi.

Labour and West Indians

A special sub-committee of the London Labour Party and the Labour group on the L.C.C. has just completed a report on West Indian immigration. Its factual summary follows much the same lines as the inquiry published in our columns three weeks ago. The report concludes that, so long as the present labour shortage continues, there will be no difficulty in finding employment for West Indians: housing offers the greatest problem, not least because few immigrants can qualify for local authority houses for a long time to come. The Labour report therefore urges the Government, in consultation with employers, to work out a scheme for providing satisfactory lodgings for immigrants in or near the industrial centres to which they are coming. Commendably, the report declares that it would be "repugnant to the Labour movement" if any restraint were placed upon the immigration of coloured citizens from the Commonwealth. The committee added that it was alarmed by reports that the Government of Barbados had begun to subsidise emigration. So far, however, such assistance has been given only to a small group of hotel and hospital workers for whom Barbados officials had already arranged employment and accommodation here. Such problems could more easily be settled if the proposed West Indian committees were set up, both to supervise emigrants from the Caribbean and to help their adjustment to life in Britain.

The Law on Homosexuality

The Departmental Committee on Homosexual Offences and Prostitution is likely, we understand, to go on receiving evidence until at least the end of the year. Even so, the fact that it is merely a Departmental Committee could mean that its report to the Home Secretary might never be made public; and this greatly increases the importance of the decision taken by the Magistrates' Association to publish, as an Appendix to its Annual Report, the evidence it gave to the Home Office Committee. Although the magistrates decided by a rather narrow margin (41 to 33) that "homosexual conduct between consenting adults in private should no longer, within certain limits, be a criminal offence," they rather surprisingly recommend that no one should, for this purpose, be an adult until he is thirty years old. They choose thirty because that is the age at which, under the Criminal Justice Act, a man can be sentenced to preventive detention (as, for example, an incorrigible burglar); they take this to represent an established legislative view that "not until that age can a man be considered set in his ways." And they would leave the law unaltered below the age of thirty, "so that the possibility of prosecution remains." Other societies have urged upon the Home Office Committee that the age be twenty-one, even this, in some cases, being reluctantly substituted for eighteen in recognition of the special problem of the National Service man. The Howard League, moreover, says that "in every other respect homosexual offences should be dealt with as if they were heterosexual offences, save that sex relations between any male person above the age of twenty-one and any male person below that age should remain an offence." To punish until thirty, and then to condone because that is the age of the statutory "habitual criminal," seems to negative the whole idea of non-criminality in relation to private sex-life.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

Cloaks, Daggers and Sultans

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The way in which Ben Arafa finally left the throne of Morocco was in the best traditions of a South American revolution. General Boyer de la Tour, the Resident General, had returned to Morocco the week-end before with formal Government instructions to persuade the Sultan to leave and to carry out the terms of the Aix compromise. Throughout last week, he paid daily visits to Ben Arafa, during which he elaborated a personal plan for the succession, which was in direct contradiction to his instructions, but which was known to be acceptable to the *colon* extremists. During this time, he refused to reply to cables from M. Faure and M. July (the Minister to whom he is directly responsible), and was in constant contact with General Kœnig and Marshal Juin (who is not even a member of the Government). Finally, on Thursday, M. de Lipkowski, Political Director of the Residence, wrote a letter of protest to de la Tour, insisting that the Government instructions be carried out. On receiving it, the General summoned M. Panafieu, Minister Delegate at the Residence—who was known to share Lipkowski's views—and told him: "Lipkowski's letter is stupid. If you think it's so easy, try and get rid of Arafa yourselves." Panafieu then called on Lipkowski and they decided to take the General at his word. Late in the evening, they arrived at the palace with a strong escort, cleared their way through the cordon of *colon* guards, and forced El Hajoui, the Sultan's young pro-*colon* adviser, to flee to Casablanca. They found that Ben Arafa, far from clinging obstinately to his throne, was in a state bordering on terror and only too anxious to leave. His departure was therefore arranged for Saturday morning; it took place without a hitch, and the General was confronted with the *fait accompli*.

The two officials, however, were unable to supervise the drawing up of Ben Arafa's final message, which, according to the original Aix plan, should have delegated his powers to a Council of Regency. De la Tour drew this up himself, assisted by M. le Correler, the President of Présence Française. The passage about the Regency Council was cut, and a sentence added stating that the royal seals were to be placed in the hands of Moulay Hafid, the Sultan's cousin, who is a notorious *colon* stooge. De la Tour's object seems to be to turn Moulay Hafid into a sort of Ben Arafa II, and then get him to form a government which will not include the Nationalists. When MM. Panafieu and Lipkowski heard the news of the proclamation, they immediately handed in their resignations and flew to Paris. De la Tour replied by resigning himself.

At the Cabinet meeting on Sunday night, therefore, the Ministers had to decide which of the resignations to accept. M. Faure had already taken the decisive step of publishing the original French proclamation—agreed on at Aix—which was designed to correspond with Ben Arafa's message. The contradictions between the policies of Paris and Rabat had thus been brought out into the open; and the issue of the resignations should have settled, once and for all, which was to be pursued. The Cabinet, however, showed itself divided into two roughly equal groups, and after six hours of angry discussion, broke up without coming to any decision whatsoever. It should be noted that the news of the revolt of the Berber tribes in the Riff country—which appears to be extremely serious—had already reached Paris by the time the Cabinet met. Yet so obsessed are the Ministers by the mesmerising problem of Ben Arafa and his succession that the subject was not even mentioned.

New York

Trouble on the Farms

Our New York Correspondent writes: The Republicans are in serious trouble in the farm areas. Prices and incomes have been dropping steadily and the farmers are blaming the Administration for their plight. In line with a seemingly doctrinaire policy, Ezra Taft Benson, the Secretary of Agriculture, has swept away the rigid price supports of the Truman era and replaced them by a complicated flexible system which has been woefully inadequate, the farmers claim—gleefully supported by the Democrats. Even Republicans, particularly those from the farm states, are pressing for a change in policy. Senator Milton R. Young, Republican of North Dakota, has come out for the restoration of rigid price supports. Influential in the Congressional farm bloc, he has asserted that a Bill to this effect stands a good chance of passage during the next session of Congress. Any farm programme that entails additional expense is likely to meet stiff opposition, however. It has just been revealed that even the somewhat diluted farm support system last year cost the Treasury nearly $800 million, almost twice the amount disbursed in the previous year. The Administration will be chary of adding to this total next year—an election year—when they will, on the contrary, be looking for economies with a view to vote-getting tax reductions. If, however, the Administration is forced to spend more money on the farmers—and it looks as if it will be—it will direct its efforts at propping income rather than prices. Farmers can be reached quicker with direct payments. Secretary Benson is understood to be considering incentive payments to encourage shifts of surplus producing acres to soil conservation practices. Such payments were known as conditional payments in Democratic Administrations of the last twenty-five years. These "soil bank" proposals had been rejected by the Republicans, but Benson—never a good party man—is having second thoughts.

The U.N. Puts Its Foot Down

No wonder the French are alarmed at the U.N. Assembly decision to debate the situation in Algeria. For the first time since its creation—if we except the special case of the Herreros—the U.N. has agreed to discuss the claims of a non-self-governing territory. Does this mean that the Assembly is to become an instrument in the campaign against colonialism? Will its decision to debate French affairs be extended to those of other colonial powers—including Britain and Soviet Russia? And, if so, will their interests remain compatible with U.N. membership? Before attempting to answer these questions, it would be well to examine exactly what happened last Friday. The Assembly, in reversing the vote of its steering committee, did not pass a vote of censure on French colonialism, nor did it indicate any course of action; it simply declared its competence to debate the question. Whatever the outcome of the debate, the Assembly can only take action—including formal instructions to the Security Council to "take note" of the matter—by decision of a two-thirds majority, and there is little likelihood that in this instance such a vote will be obtained.

All that was decided last Friday, then, was a purely procedural point; and while the merits of the decision are debatable, it is very difficult to argue that it is *ultra vires*. The case of the colonial Powers, which was put by Sir Pierson Dixon, rests on Article 2 (7), which states that the U.N. is not authorised "to intervene in matters which are essentially within the domestic jurisdiction of any State." Algeria, which is constitutionally part of metropolitan France, whose inhabitants enjoy French citizenship, and which is represented in the organs of French government, is clearly included under this article. The article adds, however, that its content should not be prejudicial to the "Declaration Regarding Non-Self-Governing Territories" (Chapter XI), in which Member States "recognise the principle that the interests of the inhabitants of these territories shall be paramount." Although the Arab-Asian States have not referred to this chapter—they prefer to base their arguments on the broader issue of self-determination (Article I, 2)—it is in fact relevant to the case of Algeria, particularly since it goes on to lay it down (73b) that Member States undertake "to develop self-government, to take due account of the political aspirations of the people." M. Faure's unfortunate declaration, two weeks ago, that France is irrevocably committed to the principle of "integration" in Algeria, and its immediate repudiation by the body formally recognised by France as representative of Algerian opinion, would seem to constitute *prima facie* evidence that France has contravened this article.

This last point brings us to the concrete, as opposed to the legal, aspects of the problem. The choice of Algeria as a battleground for this issue is not haphazard, and it is illuminating to examine the tactics of the anti-colonialist powers. When Algeria was brought before the U.N. last year, the Mendès-France Government was in power, France had just begun the delicate negotiations which led to the Franco-Tunisian Agreement, and the November rising in the Aurès—which crystallised Algerian opposition to the policy of integration—was still a thing of the future. This explains why the Arab-Asian bloc did not then contest the decision of the steering committee, and refrained from raising the Algerian question in the General Assembly itself. Again, this year, the bloc withdrew its motion to place Morocco on the agenda, on the grounds that France had, at least in theory, already embarked on a progressive policy in the Protectorate. A number of States, whose votes on Algeria were decisive, refused to discuss Cyprus—although there are certain striking parallels with Algeria—because they felt that Britain's present policy, however deplorable, was not irreversible, and that the British Government—unlike its French counterpart—was not the prisoner of colonial lobbies. In other words, there is not, at present, an automatic "anti-colonialist" majority in the U.N.; and even among the Arab-Asian bloc there is a tendency to discriminate between the colonial powers: the Bandung Conference, it should be remembered, drew a specific distinction between "reactionary" French colonialism and "progressive" British colonialism.

From this line of argument two conclusions follow. First, the decision to debate Algeria is not necessarily the prelude to an indiscriminate assault on the rights of the colonial powers—the consequences of which to the U.N. would certainly be unpredictable and might well be disastrous. On the contrary, the choice of Algeria is essentially a calculated one, based upon concrete political factors. There is a general fear, which seems abundantly justified by events, that the whole system of French colonialism is breaking down. In Algeria in particular the French Government has committed itself to a policy which, for internal reasons, it is powerless to repudiate, but which for military reasons it is powerless to enforce. The catastrophe of Indo-China is still sufficiently recent to remind the world that similar errors made by France in the past led to a situation which became of international concern and which eventually led to international action. The Assembly, in agreeing to debate Algeria, is thus voicing a widely held view that French policy not merely violates the general declaration on human rights contained in the preamble of the Charter, and the specific regulations concerning non-self-governing territories, but also constitutes a potential threat to peace.

The second conclusion is even more significant. The leaders of the Arab-Asian bloc insist that their object, in raising the Algerian question, is not to overthrow the existing regime in Algeria, but simply to give "French misrule and atrocities" a thorough airing in what is, in the last resort, a forum of world opinion. They claim that, by giving formal expression to world opinion through the agency of the U.N., the pressure on the French Government will become intolerable and that, without the necessity of intervention, political changes will follow. Whether the debate is the best way of achieving this object is open to doubt; but the assumption which underlies the argument—that the U.N. has a right to debate matters which shock the conscience of the world—seems incontrovertible. U.N. intervention in the internal affairs of sovereign States is neither desirable nor practicable; but if the organisation is to fulfil its primary function as an effective moral force in the world, gestures of this nature must be permitted. The juridical problems which the Assembly's decision raised should not be underestimated; and the Arab-Asian nations, after their initial victory, will be well advised to proceed with the utmost restraint. But the vote, which we believe to be legally justified, should be welcomed in that it will revive the flagging faith of those who believe in collective action, and who still maintain—despite ten years of failures and shortcoming—that the U.N. is the place in which it should be taken.

Capitalism and Equality

II. The Real Case for Public Ownership

Most Socialists would agree that the ultimate aim of nationalisation policy is not to take over the whole of industry but, as G. D. H. Cole once put it, to create a public sector "large enough to set the tone for the rest, leaving private enterprise to operate within a framework of public enterprise rather than the other way round." This is sound advice, if only because 100 per cent. public ownership would create the worst kind of bureaucratic nightmare. In addition, it would be foolish to deny that the profit motive provides an important incentive and still has a part to play in the creation of new products and enterprises. But the most important objection is, surely, that it would be inherently undesirable if all forms of property fell under common ownership and control. To illustrate the last point only: it would serve no good purpose if in the future a journal such as this could not be launched for lack of private capital or, if launched, could not expand because its profits were so heavily taxed; or, worse still, if its editorial policy could be controlled through State-owned shares.

That a capitalist sector of some size would and should be retained seems therefore beyond dispute. That this will mean more inequality than on purely moral grounds Socialists would wish to tolerate must also be accepted. But how large should this sector be or, to reverse the question, where should the frontiers of an extended public sector lie? This question has not proved easy. Clearly the line of division must not be arbitrary; it should conform to some acceptable principle which can be defended in public and at the same time serve as the basis of practical legislation. However, since the "basic industries" were nationalised—and even this was a label attached *ex post facto* to a series of *ad hoc* measures—no new natural frontier for public ownership has been found.

Meanwhile the search has led to the adoption of a variety of temporary positions of which monopoly, inefficiency and planning requirements have been the chief. These, it must be confessed, have not been convincing. Indeed, on occasions they have appeared to be contradictory. Thus *Challenge to Britain*, in what was perhaps an extreme example, advocates both the nationalisation of chemicals and of machine tools; the former because there are not enough small firms, the latter because there are still too many! In a sense, of course, both arguments are valid; but, to say the least, they do not add up to a coherent argument for public ownership.

The search for new criteria has, however, paid surprisingly little attention to the realities of the private sector. Developments in economic theory have lagged obstinately behind institutional change, with the result that assumptions are still made about capitalism which have long since ceased to be appropriate. Certainly a defect of much current Socialist thinking is the treat-

ment of the private sector as though it was a single entity moved throughout by identical economic and psychological stimuli. Yet a moment's reflection shows how improbable this is. The legal forms, which private business activity assumes, themselves indicate important differences. A private company, for example, limited (as it is) to 50 shareholders, is a system of business organisation significantly different to that of the public company whose shareholders may number thousands and which, unlike the private company, has access to the market. From differences of structure, as one would expect, emerge differences of behaviour and differences of response to economic policy.

But the basic divisions within the private sector are, as we shall see, not so much those of legal form as of size. The 250,000 private companies combined employ only half the resources of the 11,000 public companies. Amongst the public companies, some 250—whose shares are valued on the Stock Exchange at over £10 million each—account for over 60 per cent. of the value of all public companies. It is here, in this relatively small group of companies, that one can fairly locate both the centres of power and growth in the economy and at the same time the principal source of capital gain.

Although it is nearly 20 years since a comprehensive study of the structure of industry was made, the broad picture of a hierarchy of size is widely known. What is not so generally recognised is that these super companies are not simply a kind of magnified projection of smaller capitalist institutions, but a new form of capitalist organisation. Their ability, through the exploitation of quasi-monopoly powers, to control prices and profits puts them at once in a class apart. For control over profits makes possible capital accumulation on a vast scale and the ability to finance expansion—it may be in their own or entirely new economic fields—from internal resources. This indeed has been one of the outstanding features of the post-war period. Firms like I.C.I., Tube Investments and Shell have spent hundreds of millions on new developments—only a fraction of which has been raised on the market.

To this independence of the capital market must be added the more familiar feature of the separation of owning from controlling interests. Directors may, in fact, be encouraged or indeed required to purchase shares in the companies which they control. But these holdings are usually small and, relative to issued capital, insignificant. For their personal rewards, directors look, not to dividends, but to the salaries, expenses, pensions and other emoluments to which they are entitled—and these are only remotely connected with profits and dividends earned. It is at this point, of course, that the interests of those who control and those who own most sharply diverge. The underlying tension between directors and shareholders which has long been a feature of the managerial revolution, was dramatically heightened—almost to breaking point—between 1948 and 1950, the period of "voluntary" dividend restraint. While to shareholders the Labour Government's policy was anathema, it was a noticeable fact that dividend restraint enjoyed a large measure of support from company directors and, particularly, from the directors of the largest companies. It would be wrong to conclude from this that the test of profitability is no longer applied to company decisions or that the profit motive has lost its force; but the evidence plainly suggests that the Board Room's main incentive is no longer the distribution of profits for shareholders but—salaries and pensions apart—the accumulation of profits for investment and reserves.

Next, the element of risk which traditionally is involved in the ownership of equity shares is virtually absent from shareholding in the super companies. That they are safer than gilt-edged, the business world, including the ultra-cautious insurance companies, now freely acknowledges. The reasons for this are plain. The natural strength and stability of these companies has been immeasurably reinforced by the post-war assumption by the State of responsibility for economic welfare. This means in practice—as indeed it must mean—State responsibility for the welfare of existing public companies. With professional managements, a catastrophic decline in profits is very nearly inconceivable except as the result of some grave disturbance affecting trade and employment. When this occurs it is at once a matter of public concern and, if need be, for remedial action by the State. An important additional factor in the elimination of risk should also be mentioned. The typical share portfolio consists of a large number of small holdings, thus ensuring that in the one case in a hundred where capital loss may take place is more than offset by the 99 cases where gains are made. This is not a new aspect of investment behaviour although the extent to which it has been carried—as Mr. Hargreaves Parkinson first revealed and as recent studies of the ownership of the Metal Box Co., Turner and Newalls and others have confirmed—certainly is.

The resulting fragmentation of shareholding leads to the last of the distinctive characteristics of the super company—its independence of its titular owners. Since the number of shareholders in a typical company is equal to the population of a medium-sized town, shareholder control is no more than a legal fiction. In recent years, it is true, groups of shareholders have banded together in attempts to force more liberal dividend policies on directing boards, but this is basically a sign of their weakness rather than their strength.

These characteristics—independence of the capital market, separation of ownership from control and the absence of risk—justify the assertion that we are confronted with a new form of business organisation. Certainly it has nothing in common with the stereotypes of capitalist theory. Indeed at all points discussed it is its direct opposite. From this it is possible to make one crucial point: that in the new institutions the form of ownership has become separate from, and irrelevant to, their economic activity. The role of ownership has been changed from that of economic necessity to a tolerated social luxury.

Before the fuller implications are discussed it is important to stress that these characteristics do *not* prevail in the smaller units—including some public companies, most private companies, all partnerships and one-man businesses—of the private sector. A glance at the liquidation and bankruptcy figures of private companies or at the statistics of new company formations points to the fact that here production is still dependent on raising new capital and that considerable risk still attaches to the lending of money. Since there can be no more than 50 shareholders in a private company, shareholders very frequently have an intimate connection with the running of the business—apart from the fact that directors themselves are normally substantial shareholders. In other words, in this area of the private sector the managerial revolution has not taken place and the shareholder continues to perform his classical function.

What conclusions follow? First that the differences between the two main forms of contemporary capitalism make it impossible to apply successfully a single fiscal policy—whether this be a capital gains tax, dividend limitation or a swingeing profits tax. While progressive egalitarian taxation, if carried beyond a certain point, is bound to cripple the traditional capitalist sector both by diminishing incentives and drying up the sources of risk capital, it need have no harmful effect at all on the new capitalist institutions that have evolved: for the motivations of those who control them no longer spring from dividend expectations nor must they depend upon investors and the capital market for the provision of capital.

Secondly, if it is our policy to retain a radically reduced but genuinely capitalist sector of the economy, there can be no point in pressing egalitarian tax measures to the point where capitalism can no longer operate. Where there is risk there must be the prospect of gain as well as the dangers of loss. To some extent this has already been recognised—whether wisely or not is another question—in provisions for lower death duties on estates invested in family businesses and in agricultural land. But the implications have not been fully explored.

Thirdly, since the shareholder in the super company has lost his economic function—he is now, in fact, a rentier, drawing the rewards of the entrepreneur—the case is made not merely for reducing his claim upon the capital accumulation of the companies concerned (which would be the result of a capital gains tax) but for abolishing his claim altogether. The justification of the odious inequalities of capitalism has always been that this is the price that has to be paid for sustaining necessary economic activity. But wherever shareholders have ceased to perform their classical functions, both the necessity for capitalism and the justification for its attendant inequalities have gone. What is required, in such cases, is an adjustment of the form of ownership to meet the economic facts—in other words, the abolition of private ownership and its replacement by whatever form of public ownership seems most desirable.

PETER SHORE

London Diary

THE Home and Foreign Offices seem both to have been responsible for the fantastic attack on the highly reputable International Conference on Regional Planning and Development at Bedford College last week. Official representatives discreetly withdrew. An American scholar was warned by the U.S. Embassy, read his paper and then withdrew lest he should find himself in discussion with subversive persons. The sponsors of the conference included the Institutes of Cultural Studies and Social Anthropology at Oxford, the University of North Carolina, King's College, University College, the University of Liverpool and the London School of Economics. The chairmen of the sessions included Sir William Holford and Professors Madge and Robson. An inquiry by the *Observer* finds that suspicion has been thrown on four out of the fifteen members of the Preparatory Committee, not one of whom was a Communist, though one or two of them have professional associations with Communists. The *Observer* quite rightly spoke of this as a possible "first *cause célèbre* of a British version of McCarthyism," but it failed to ask how this official interference could have been justified even if there had been Communist collaboration in an intellectual conference on national planning. There is now a special section of the British Council devoted to sponsoring cultural and scientific inter-change with Moscow. British scientists have just come back from looking at Russian atomic plants;

Russians are officially touring England and the Moscow radio is exchanging programmes with the B.B.C. Will the Foreign Office or the Home Office solemnly hold that it is wrong to take part in a conference on regional planning, if Communists also take part? Is this a Burgess and Maclean hang-over?

* * *

Why has there not been a row about the significant *Daily Mirror* "leak" of the Wilson report? It was a magisterial leak in big headlines all over the front page; it did not pretend to be built on gossip or whispered in corners. It was a bold summary, apparently the work of someone with the report in front of him. The political journalists have waited with pens poised, or, in some cases, dipped their pens in windy water, and discussed the leak in terms designed to hide their surprise that there has not, in fact, been any trouble on the matter in the party. That is where they have missed the point. Their clue should have been the famous Sherlock Holmes one—that the dog did not bark. If an ambitious journalist, anxious to push himself with his newspaper, had given away such a document, there would have been the deuce to pay on the Labour Party Executive. If a Transport House official had been even suspected, there would have been an inquiry. Both these suspicions are unfounded. Why have the party leaders said nothing? The deduction is inescapable. I am prepared to take a large bet that some people on the Executive, fearing the most damaging kind of press pre-publicity based on guesswork and ignorance, have successfully persuaded their colleagues of the value of a genuine leakage of the truth.

* * *

The decision to present the Labour Party Conference with a first-hand report on the Seretse affair represents a real advance in Labour outlook. For the first time, I think, the party has had the imagination and enterprise to send out its own African expert—John Hatch (whose name is familiar to readers of this journal)—to investigate, and it was as a result of his inquiry that the Executive recently made a practical proposal. Instead of the usual benevolent generalities, it suggested that the leaders of the Bamangwato, including Tshekedi, should be asked to come to England "to discuss the situation with Seretse, and the best way of dealing with it. The object should be to bring all factions of the tribe together in co-operation for its future development." One result might be to make it impossible to prevent Seretse's return—which would annoy South Africa and stultify official policy. Whitehall sticks to its idea of getting another Chief appointed in Seretse's place while being kind to him in exile. This seems a ridiculous policy, since no tribe elects or appoints another Chief during the lifetime of the present one, unless it has kicked him out or he has voluntarily resigned.

* * *

Weekly journals of opinion have never flourished in the U.S. as they have here. One reason for this is that in America the educated public is spread over a continent, while advertising revenue, which is essential to survival in America, flows almost wholly into other channels. In recent years, the *New Republic,* which lived for so many years on the large subsidies from the Straight millions, has been a shadow of its former greatness, while the *Nation,* indomitably edited by Freda Kirchwey, who succeeded that famous liberal, Oswald Garrison Villard, has had constantly to appeal to the generosity of a band of "friends of the *Nation.*" Freda Kirchwey, whose retirement is now announced, deserves all our respect and gratitude, for she has remained always true to her colours. In the long run, the *Nation* has prospered in comparison with the *New Republic* because, when the McCarthyite storm began, it did not scuttle away into anti-Communist apologetics. The *Nation* has been steadily radical, supporting Left causes when it thought them right, attacking the Communists when it was sure they were wrong. It has been much vilified and persecuted, but it survives and retains the respect of more than 30,000 readers. I am glad to see that it has now a solid liberal backer.

* * *

The Burmese are usually the least anxious of all people to talk about themselves. Reserve? Pride? Isolation? Probably a mixture of all three. But a few months ago the Cultural Minister U Win (an ex-Ambassador to India and now Ambassador designate to the United States) took a group of dancers and musicians to Bangkok. They were a huge success playing every night to crowded audiences of Siamese who were impressed by the vitality of Burmese dancing. One item that always brought the house down was the Burmese-Siamese friendship ballet. In the *décor,* the Burmese were represented by a ruby, a red stone the size of a football, and the Siamese by an emerald, a green stone of similar dimensions. In the original script, the figure who stole the stones and created disharmony between the two neighbours was represented by British Imperialism. Prime Minister Nu, himself a playwright, thought this was an out-of-date idea and changed the figure to the Demon King from the Ramayana story, familiar equally to Burmese and Siamese audiences. U Win has now moved on to China with his team of sixty-nine—musicians, dancers, actors and actresses. One of the items will be a play illustrating the achievements of the Bandung Conference, with the participants dressed in the national costumes of the countries which sent delegates. I should like to see U Win and his cultural mission in London. No one would be more amused than Sir Winston Churchill to see himself impersonated by the Demon King. As for Mr. Attlee—but I'm not sure who stands for the Good Fairy in Burmese mythology.

* * *

Bonar Law's much advertised biography has reminded me of a very strange bit of journalistic history. The first editor of *The New Statesman,* Mr. Clifford Sharp, was a friend of Asquith and disliked Lloyd George. In the critical week in December 1916, when Asquith was needled out of office, Sharp embarked on a long leading article entitled "Is It Peace Zimri?" in which he explained that the Cabinet crisis was due to Asquith's neglect of the press and to Lloyd George's manipulation of it. Half-way through the article he broke off and left two columns of blank space, only inserting in it a "box" stating that after the paper had gone to press, the announcement had been made that Lloyd George had kissed hands as Prime Minister, and that in view of this fact "we consider it undesirable in the national interest that the matters dealt with in the latter part of this article should be publicly discussed"! This self-censorship has always seemed to me a sublime way of escaping, with the maximum credit, from the danger of comment at a delicate moment.

* * *

I cannot say I enjoy "Late Joys" at the Players' Theatre as much as I did in the days in Albemarle Street, when the best numbers were interrupted by bombs, and we were invited to stay the night in the company of friends whom we should otherwise not have seen for a month of Sundays. Underneath the Arches, the Players' is now a well-established institution, continuing its old Victorian music-hall cult. But it has spread out fan-like in its course with the dazzling triumph of "The Boy Friend" and its successor "The Buccaneer." Many of its more accomplished performers are now engaged in these popular hits in London and New York, and one has to wait a bit until new stars have climbed into the firmament under Hungerford Bridge. This week the Players' staged an ingenious new departure. It celebrated the centenary of the Crimean War. What a centenary—the celebration of the most shocking orgy of cruelty and corruption and nonsense in any war, at any rate since the one before. And to my surprise the lyrics are by "our own" (I quote the Players' imitation of music hall) "our very own" Sagittarius. The one in which three Hussars laugh at the wildly absurd idea of flying machines in war is excellent fun; all of it is rattling good verse, excellently sung. But it is serious. Even the "Charge of the Light Brigade" is not ragged, but so well recited, and with such restraint that one almost forgets how monstrously unromantic the incident really was.

* * *

I asked a friend from Latin America whether Peron was really gone for good. He said "yes"—with the usual reservations. The trade unions have not so far been "reorganised," although Peron's successors are classical reactionaries, who will not have any of Peron's or Eva's social appeal to the workers. The leader of the Argentine Radical Party, Frondizi, has already said that the proximity of Peron in Paraguay may be some safeguard against the policies of the new regime. But my friend adds that the sex smear now directed against Peron may have considerable effect. The people of the Argentine may not be very devout, but they do not approve of their leaders being publicly known to have mistresses—especially very young ones, and more than two at a time. One reason for Bolivar's great reputation in South America is that he had an unknown number, some say a score, of mistresses. That, however, happened some time ago. When Peron is dead, my friend thinks, his liking for girls may be very popular.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

I would like to suggest that from seven until seven twenty-five the B.B.C. introduces a new programme called "Pussies' Half Hour," consisting of shots of fish and animals—and, of course, birds! I'm sure that many other viewers would support this programme to pacify their TV-minded pets.—Letter in *TV Mirror.* (R. Muller.)

The father of a nine-year-old boy, brought before Brighton Juvenile Court for stealing an ignition key from a car, said: "We have tried to do everything for him. I have just installed a television set for him, we cannot do any more."—*Brighton Evening Argus.* (P. Stammer.)

Whenever I'm tempted to throw litter on the pavement, the face of Gilbert Harding looms up before me in my imagination.

The thought of what he would say quickly makes me look for a litter-bin!—Letter in *Daily Mirror.* (J. Smith.)

Edgar the Peacemaker

Two weeks ago, a French deputy described Edgar Faure's Government as "the political equivalent of a badly run brothel." Others, more politely, simply compare it with the ill-fated *regime* of Monsieur Laniel. The comparison is obvious enough: the same paralysing indecision characterises both. At the same time, M. Faure personally has nothing in common with his predecessor. Between the colourless, stuttering Laniel, with his huge bovine head and inability to speak except from notes in inch-high letters, and the incisive intelligence and glittering rhetoric of Faure, a great gulf is fixed. In a way they are the two intellectual poles of the Fourth Republic. How is it, then, that Faure, like Laniel, has become the helpless victim of the same atavistic political forces?

The answer is to be found in every phase of Faure's career and every facet of his character. "Edgar," they have always said—and doubtless will always say—"is such a clever, charming little man." The words have followed him all his life: at law school, where he passed his *license* at the age of eighteen; at the Paris Bar, where he was the youngest *avocat* on the rolls; at the school of Oriental Languages, where he took a brilliant degree in Russian. "If he wanted to," they said, "Edgar could learn Chinese in a month." But success at the Bar was not enough for M. Faure—even though he had already found a new interest, in writing detective stories under the name of Edgar Sanday. Like every gifted French lawyer since 1789 he wanted to go into politics. In 1944 Pierre Mendès-France gave Faure his chance, and took him into his personal *cabinet* at the Ministry of National Economy. It was a propitious moment to enter politics, and hordes of other young hopefuls were hastening to scramble into the political vacuum created by the disintegration of Vichy. But six months later Mendès-France contemptuously handed in his resignation, and Faure reluctantly followed him into the wilderness. He continued to be a successful lawyer and played a distinguished, if minor, role at Nuremberg. But the political urge remained. In 1946 he presented himself as a Radical-Socialist candidate in the Jura and, at the second try, got in. The rest was easy. Faure climbed the Assembly ladder quickly and effortlessly, and the list of the governments to which he belonged would constitute a history of those grey, yawning years during which the eager Fourth Republic decayed into premature middle-age.

In February, 1952, came the climacteric of Faure's career. The Pleven Government, bitterly divided over a current wave of inflation, collapsed in ruins. None of the regular candidates for the succession was, at the time, acceptable. Faure was called upon and, to everyone's surprise, invested with a large majority. But he was still, as he puts it, politically naive and imbued with the tough financial realism of Mendès-France. His solution to the crisis was an immediate increase in taxes, and within three weeks he was forced to ask the deputies for votes of confidence on fourteen heads. The Banque de France, alarmed, gave its political hatchetmen the nod, and on the second vote Faure fell. He had been Premier exactly forty days.

Faure never forgot his lesson. From then on he swam with the tide. "Don't try and deal with an issue head on," he said. "All that happens is that you're overthrown by a lot of stupid backwoodsmen. Don't climb over an obstacle—get round it." He was soon back in office, skilfully trimming his sails to the prevailing wind. He made a lot of new friends. He never criticised. He was the political Janus—to the Right a believer in private enterprise, to the Left a liberal. He worked busily at the Ministry of Finance, and on the great issues of the day—Indo-China, the cold war, E.D.C.—he preserved a conscientious silence. He became the indispensable man in any political combination. In June, 1954, three days after Mendès-France had herded the frightened deputies into a massive vote of investiture and captured the imagination of the world, Faure's career was consecrated by a chance dinner-table remark by the Governor of the Banque de France. "When Mendès got in," said M. Baumgartner, "we feared the worst. But when we heard Edgar was to stay at the Rue de Rivoli we breathed again." This was the pay-off; and when, seven months later, someone was required to fill the gigantic hiatus left by Mendès-France's departure, Faure was not only the obvious candidate but the only one—the still political centre round which the factions raced.

His success was not confined to the Assembly. Faure became an indefatigable diner-out, a well-known figure in the *salons* of the Faubourg St. Germain, a popular—if protracted—speaker at businessmen's lunches. He was careful not to confine himself to any particular segment of the Paris social rainbow: while he was the guest of the Association of Small and Medium Businessmen, his elegant wife Lucie would be receiving Left-wing intellectuals, such as Jean Paulhan and Roger Stéphane, in her capacious Passy apartment. Indeed, through his wife Faure became associated with the progressive *Le Nef*, which ran enlightened surveys of France's problems, and to which he would occasionally contribute a cautious introduction. In all circles, in all circumstances, Faure was the apostle of charm. True, there were occasional unpleasantnesses. When Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, the editor of *L'Express*, accused Faure of lifting a tax on imported racehorses to please his friend Marcel Boussac, the easy-going Edgar found it necessary to challenge him to a duel, and it needed all Mendès-France's angry tact to straighten things out. Again, when Roger Stéphane was arrested for allegedly divulging Cabinet secrets in the press, malicious tongues wagged. But Faure carried serenely on; and even his most determined critics found it hard to pick suitable grounds for a fight. Edgar was the politician of peace, the great conciliator. "He doesn't believe in divide and rule," said a friend, "but in unite and rule."

Faure himself puts it rather differently. "Before anything else," he says, "I'm a technician." An apt phrase in a world where to hold opinions is to make enemies. But what sort of a technician? Faure's second government has now supplied the answer: a technician in cunning and charm, a technician in the handling of men. Faure had so often been told how clever and charming he was that he ended by believing it made him irresistible. He converted it into a principle of government. And for a time, indeed, it worked well. He steered the Paris Agreements skilfully through the Senate; the Tunisian Treaty was completed and ratified, the budget passed. But then came a real problem—Morocco—and with it catastrophe.

The sordid tragedy of Morocco provides not only the climax to the Government of Monsieur Faure, but also the key to the character of Edgar. Here, he became the victim of his own cunning. He himself was convinced that reforms—including the departure of the "French" Sultan, Ben Arafa—were inevitable; he was also aware that they were distasteful to a majority of the Cabinet. He decided to be clever. He sent Gilbert Grandval to Morocco with official instructions to arrange for Ben Arafa's abdication and to contact the Nationalists. Grandval's orders were clear, precise and intelligent; they had, in fact, only one fault—they were not the orders of the Government, since Faure had taken only one of its members into his confidence. Hence, when Grandval returned and presented his plan of action to the Cabinet, M. Pinay and General Koënig promptly accused him of pursuing a personal policy. M. Faure was not discouraged by the incident. Characteristically, he saw in it the elements of a perfect compromise. He would offer Grandval's head to Pinay, and calm Koënig by appointing a soldier as his successor. Everyone would thus be satisfied, and his Moroccan policy saved.

But the scheme misfired. The Right accepted Grandval's departure with pleasure—and then closed their ranks against the reforms. New squabbles broke out in the Cabinet. There were more delays. The machinery of the "Faure System" rolled smoothly into action; but by now the Ministers were too suspicious. The famous charm fell upon stony Right-wing faces. Secret Government decisions were judiciously leaked to colonialist papers, and before long M. Faure might just as well have moved the Cabinet room from the Hotel Matignon to the Crillon Bar. It soon became clear that Grandval's removal had

been a fatal error—it never works to pay the Danegeld—and Faure slipped irresistibly towards the precipice. By now the French military lobby had joined in the campaign. Mendès-France had crushed their resistance over Tunisia by a sheer *brio*, but with Faure it was a different story. His willingness to compromise they took as a sign of weakness; far from disarming them, his professional charm stiffened their resistance. More and more articles, signed by generals, appeared in the press. Juin and his cronies passed by more and more rapid stages from calculated hints of criticism to open defiance.

Faure fought back with his own weapons. He tried to divide his enemies by appointing General Boyer de la Tour in Grandval's place. De la Tour, by accepting Mendès-France's offer of the residency in Tunisia, had identified himself with the "policy of surrender" in the eyes of the colonialists, and their abuse had rained down on his old military head. Faure calculated that the breach between the General and the Lobby was final, and that de la Tour would prove a reliable, if cautious, ally. But the reverse was true: no sooner had de la Tour arrived in Rabat than he showed plainly that his dearest wish was to rehabilitate himself in the eyes of his old friends. The man whom Faure intended to use as a wedge to split the military front turned out to be his most unpredictable opponent.

Today, after six weeks of acrimonious debates, Faure has still not succeeded in "getting round" the Moroccan obstacle. And his Government, as old Assembly hands say, is *usé*. In the Chamber, which met again this week, the exhilarating, delicious atmosphere of a new crisis is gathering. The *ministrabiles* are making lists, contacts are being renewed, figures totted up. And M. Faure—clever, charming, brilliant M. Faure? In the gloomy corridors they're comparing him to the Chinese serpent which tried to swallow too many of its enemies and ended by eating its tail.

There, but for the Grace . . .

I KNOW a man who, being driven home after a staff dinner by an unmistakably drunken colleague, suffered the tortures of the might-be-damned until the car was safely garaged and the colleague safely indoors with his shoes off. "What should 'A' do?" he was asking everyone afterwards. "B" got him home without disaster; but if the police had stopped him, would "A" have been held liable for aiding and abetting "B" in "driving a motor vehicle while under the influence of drink"?

In thousands of ways, any of us may find himself aiding and abetting a lawbreaker; we all do it. The dilemma of the sober passenger does not seem to have been authoritatively solved so far, in the English courts. The Road Traffic Act, 1930, section 15 of which punishes the drunken driver, is unaccountably silent about the numerous people who, quite often, contribute to his offence; perhaps it disregards the aider and abettor because the Common Law has looked after him for so long. But the Act does go out of its way, so to speak, to deal with anyone aiding and abetting an offence of speeding or dangerous driving, with, in the latter case, a stipulation that he be proved to have been actually present in the car. The passenger who discovers his driver to be drunk should, no doubt, get out at the first traffic block and tell a policeman: that obligation seems as clear, at least, as the position of most of us in abetting, passively or just a little actively, the small offences by which others show us favour while benefiting themselves.

Consider a few such examples. The small gift smuggled from abroad with the recipient's complacent half-knowledge; the "long pull" by the club barman, using a pint tankard to give us a little more than the half-pint we ordered; the subjective view we can take of some purchase tax wangles, the mechanics of which I forbear to describe; the obliging taxi-driver's 50 m.p.h. dash to our late appointment in a speed-controlled district. On the other hand, the slips we hand to the street bookie do not constitute "secondary offences"; like him, we punters have "loitered or frequented in a street or public place for the purpose of street betting," and we can be charged accordingly. We are not charged because there are millions of us, but the Street Betting Act allows us no subordinate status in law.

Section 35 of the Magistrates' Courts Act, 1952, is a model of clarity compared with the 1848 provision which it replaced:

> A person who aids, abets, counsels, or procures the commission by another person of a summary offence shall be guilty of the like offence. . . .

The words "counsels or procures" are important nowadays. It was decided in 1928 (*Bowker v. Premier Drug Co., Ltd.*) that you cannot be convicted of "aiding and abetting" unless you are *present* when the offence is committed. It is true that this word has shades of meaning, one of which contemplates that the secondary offender is not physically present at all, but constructively present in that he has facilitated the crime from a distance, perhaps by posting a letter. But you can be convicted of "counselling or procuring" whether you were on the spot or far away; hence the omnibus accusation, now used in the Magistrates' Courts, that you "aided, abetted, counselled, *and* procured" the commission of your principal's offence. There is, you see, very seldom any escape.

There was none, it seems, in the recent case of the Northumberland vicar who wrote to a London "studio" for supplies of books and photographs which, by general agreement, were obscene. In March this year the London Police, searching the "studio" for obscene publications, took note of the addresses of about 200 of its customers; and among these was an accommodation address used by the vicar—it appeared on fourteen different order forms. All these customers, of course, could almost certainly be said to have aided and abetted the "studio" in the dissemination of obscene literature; but even if not, they had clearly "counselled and procured" that obscene literature should be published to them. Out of the 200 possibles the Director of Public Prosecutions, for reasons which have not appeared, selected only the vicar for prosecution, though the story of his trial must have had 199 uneasy readers. The Northumberland police called upon him, searched his vicarage, and found "a quantity of photographs and two books, including a catalogue." The vicar explained that he had felt he ought to know about these things, but in Court he suddenly abandoned this attitude and pleaded guilty—thus declaring in terms that by sending the order forms he had aided, abetted, counselled and procured the London "studio" to "publish obscene material to himself"!

It could be a powerful weapon in the hands of a police authority which considered its ends as justifying any means. In a campaign to stop people buying what they want when they want it, there are great possibilities in switching the attention of the law from the source of supply to the field of demand. The case of the Northumberland vicar is neatly analogous to that of a man who goes off with a prostitute by whom, to his statutory "annoyance," he has just been solicited; by the standards of evidence now long established in the Magistrates' Courts, many a prostitution offence is aided and abetted by the man who completes the bargain, but you do not read of any prosecutions. The other day I discussed with a Shops Act Inspector the liability of citizens who go into shops after "closing" time and buy things that are not exempted from the curfew. "Of course, they're all liable," he said; "they aid and abet the shopkeeper. But we take the view that if the source of supply was closed and shuttered at the proper time, there would be no demand." This is always arguable. He receded from it a little as we talked about the endless complications that allow shops to remain open for some sales and not for others. But he had only known of one case in the past twenty years in which the customer had been taken to Court with the shopkeeper. This general immunity—we all enjoy it—has become a kind of rewarded spectatorship, which the law dislikes as much as gambling among the lower orders, but which it is moved by a sound instinct of self-preservation to tolerate.

One specially interesting state of mass criminality comes to light when you consider that every boxing match is almost certainly unlawful, working its way up from common assault to grievous bodily harm with the increasing weight of the sloggers. Each man is guilty of an assault because the circumstances in which a person can give valid consent, in law, to the infliction of personal injury upon himself are carefully prescribed and do not include letting one man knock him about for the entertainment of others. Nothing in the Marquis of Queensberry's Rules, and certainly not the invention of euphemisms like "punch-drunk" for a condition of inflicted mental deficiency, can lessen the force of what Mr. Justice Hawkins said in *R. v. Coney* (1882):

> Every fight in which the object and intent of each of the combatants is to subdue the other by violent blows is a breach of the peace; and it matters not, in my opinion, whether such fight be a hostile fight begun in anger, or a prize-fight for money or other advantage. In each case the object is the same, and in each case some amount of personal injury to one or both of the combatants is a probable consequence; and although a prize fight may not commence in anger, it is unquestionably calculated to rouse the angry feelings of both before its conclusion. I have no doubt, then, that every such fight is illegal and the parties to it may be prosecuted for assaults upon each other. Many authorities support this view.

NEXT WEEK

TOM DRIBERG
starts a weekly TV column with
The Party Conferences

TERENCE RATTIGAN
Aunt Edna Waits for Godot

MARY STEWART
Your M.P: Who is He?
An anatomy of the parliamentary Labour Party

Nor did he entertain any doubt, he added, that everyone who was present aiding and abetting the fight was liable to be indicted for assault. To make them "aiders and abettors" there must be "some active steps by word or action to instigate the principals":

> Encouraging does not necessarily amount to aiding and abetting. It may be intentional or unintentional. A man may unwittingly encourage another by his presence, by misinterpreted words, by gestures, or by his silence or non-interference; or he may encourage intentionally by expressions, gestures, or actions intended to signify approval. In the latter case he aids and abets, in the former case he does not.

Accordingly, although much aiding and abetting has been going on lately, the growing volume of inaudible and therefore non-culpable support round television screens makes it less and less likely that any of us, whose taste for split noses and blood keeps a noble sport alive, will be fined for aiding and abetting the gladiators or their ring-masters.

In other words, although the average citizen aids and abets some kind of offence almost daily, his vulnerability lessens as the legislators pile up the statutory offences into which the best of citizens may blunder as a "principal." But if there is any likelihood that the customer in general is now going to be punished for buying what a vendor really ought not to sell, I hope that, at least, there will be few pleas of "guilty." Not even the Director of Public Prosecutions can indict a whole people.

C. H. ROLPH

Reflections on Putting the Clock Back

The hunt is up for whipping-boys and purges—
  The Foreign Office is the target now,
But bored I'm feeling with Maclean and Burgess
  And who and why and when and where and how;
I find these vigilantes sadly lagging—
When will they notice Dr. Hill and gagging?

The paper that exclusively discloses
  The Balfour story might at least begin
To throw some light on Cyprus and Enosis
  From Dizzy's dirty bargain at Berlin . . .
Of lawless Frith Street I am even wearier—
Is there no law that can protect Algeria?

They say crash helmets need a thicker padding—
  They could have found it in the daily press,
With Peron's sentimental letters (adding
  Film-worthy facts to anybody's guess)
And Smog and Smaze and Smoil, like fat escargots,
Now in the menu of their bastard argot.

If Justice Wallington deserves some leaders
  On why the world is getting worse and worse
Might not those certified net million readers
  Demand some better reason for the curse
Than lack of accuracy and precision
In typists—due to too much television?

I'm tired of reading how a Swede can knock back
  Unrationed liquor by a change of law,
But I was thinking, as I put the clock back,
  "A Chinese dressing-gown, a book by Shaw,
Found by police in Huddleston's possession—
What end to this South African oppression?"

O, fill your columns with the Pepper Swindle—
  A soporific rather than a sneeze;
The Poplar Guardians of my youth could kindle
  A bigger bonfire than your Hampstead trees . . .
The Silly Season is this moment spent—
May Winter bring Diviner Discontent!

REGINALD REYNOLDS

You can help Blind people to 'read' the Bible—with their fingers!

We wish you could see the eagerness and joy with which Blind people 'read' the Bible. There would then be no need to urge you to assist the Bible Society financially in making the Bible in the embossed type invented by the blind Louis Braille accessible to more and more people bereft of sight.

It's a slow process and a costly one to produce a Bible in English or Welsh which the Blind can read. The Bible Society produces it in thirty-nine large volumes, at a cost of 12s. to 16s. 3d. each—and sells it at 1s. 6d. For every such volume sold in Britain, the Government makes a grant of 2s. 6d. The difference—from 8s. to 12s. 3d. a volume is borne by the sympathy and generosity of those who voluntarily subscribe to our work.

But Braille Scriptures are produced also in twenty-six other languages including Arabic, Burmese, Czech, Dutch, Hindi, Italian, Kuoyu, Spanish, Tamil, Telugu, Urdu, French, German, Hausa, Persian and Polish. No Government help here. And they are often given away. What a noble work to support! Think what it means to blind people to be enabled to read the Scriptures at any time, rather than having them read to them at someone else's convenience. Won't it be an enduring happiness to you to help to bring this 'light'—the Light of the World—into their darkness?

At present the amount of money which can be used for this purpose is limited by the immense demand for Scriptures in nearly a thousand languages which is the daily burden of the Society. By supporting the work you will make it more possible to supply Braille Scriptures as well as books in ordinary type.

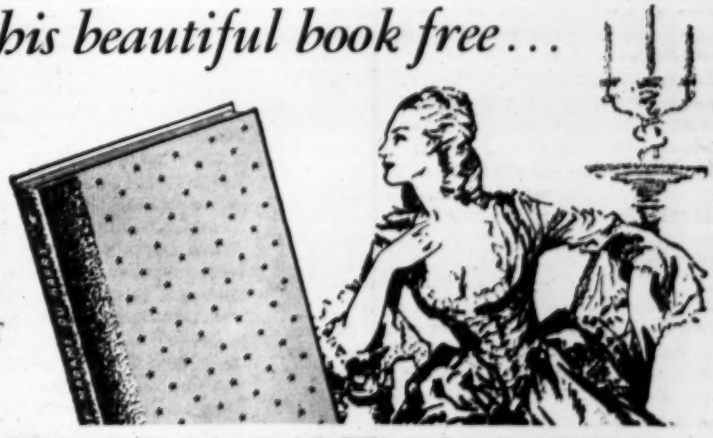
Your help is greatly needed; your reward is assured

THE BRITISH & FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY

146 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4

Accept this beautiful book free . . .

With superb illustrations by RUSSELL FLINT



MEMOIRS OF MADAME DU BARRY

FROM THE PEACOCK-PRIDE of a state appearance to the intimacy of the boudoir, here is a vivid contemporary picture of a brilliant courtesan who carried frivolity to the point of genius. With magnificent studies by SIR WILLIAM RUSSELL FLINT, R.A., and bound in quarter-silk, this superbly produced book is *free* to all who join THE FOLIO SOCIETY.

Membership brings you special editions of the world's great books, from Omar Khayyam and The Decameron to Rupert Brooke and Wilkie Collins, with illustrations by distinguished artists. These handsome volumes are individually designed and beautifully printed and bound, *yet they often cost no more than ordinary books.*

Post the coupon today for fully illustrated twelve-page Prospectus.

The FOLIO SOCIETY
3B DEAN'S YARD, LONDON, SW1

Please send me, free, copy of the Folio Society Prospectus for 1956

MR
MRS .....
MISS
Address .....

NS6

Fleet Street Notebook

"THIS Conference is perturbed by the lack of support given to the Socialist cause by the *Daily Herald* . . ." So begins one of several similar resolutions on the agenda of the Margate Conference. Resolutions criticising the *Daily Herald* are not, of course, new in Labour Party history. They are endemic. Nevertheless not even its best friends could claim that the *Herald* has maintained its original political status or impact, still less an intelligent Socialist one. It has, too, been doing financially badly, though the position is now improving. The rise to 2d. may help its finances. On past form, however, it may equally bring a further fall in circulation, peculiarly unwelcome to a newspaper which, having sacrificed a great deal in the past to reach top place, now finds itself down to fourth, yet still, because of the nature of its readership, needs a large circulation to pull advertisements.

This is not a combination of circumstances that can give pleasure, specially to anyone who believes the Labour Party needs an effective journalistic voice. Nor is it one to promote anything other than gloom in the board room of the *Herald's* commercial controllers, Odhams Press. Mr. Harry Ainsworth's recent appointment as Editorial Director of the *Herald* was an attempt to mend it from their point of view. Mr. Ainsworth is the man who saved *John Bull* when Horatio Bottomley looked like bringing it—and possibly Odhams as well—down with him in his fall. Later when the *People* dropped into Odham's lap as a result of a bad printing debt, he moved over to that paper and by a policy of combing the world for human interest stories of a sensational character, combined with lavish expenditure on the first person confessions of such diverse characters as the blackmailing solicitor in the "Mr. A" case and Lord Lonsdale, raised its circulation from a mere 250,000 to over 5,000,000. Mr. Ainsworth is salvage officer in chief of Odhams—and one of the toughest, most able newspaper executives to be found anywhere. But can he save the *Herald*? And if he does is he likely to do so according to any formula able to bring pleasure to its diminishing, sorely tried, but still faithful hard core of Labour readers?

Unlike his predecessor, John Dunbar, Ainsworth has not confined his activities to sorrowing minutes and long telephone conversations. He has moved in and taken over executive control, devoting himself to the practical education of the *Herald* editorial staff in one of the guiding principles of his highly successful journalistic career: "Politics never sold newspapers". (I should much have liked to be present during his hour's session of argument with Mr. Michael Foot on this theme.)

This treatment has noticeably aged several of the *Herald's* top editorial team. But Ainsworth himself looks ten years younger. His activities have led to reports that Odhams would like to buy out the T.U.C. and run the paper without the formal restrictions this partnership imposes. There is, however, no truth in this. They are well aware of the value of the link and have no complaint against the trade union directors. They find them practical and sympathetic men. It is to the Parliamentary Labour Party—and the proposers of Conference resolutions—that they find themselves allergic these days. Nor is it true that Ainsworth wants to turn the *Herald* into a daily *People*. He is not under the delusion that the same proportion of sex and crime is equally popular—even with the same public—on weekdays and Sundays.

But he certainly intends to change it radically—indeed its trading position makes some change inevitable. These changes will make it still less like the type of serious, intelligent political journal of news and opinion that many of the most active people in the Labour Party are asking for. On the other hand he may inject into it some of the *Mirror* technique of dramatising and humanising politics and is credited with the belief that it must be a crusading paper—as, to be fair, the *People* often is in its own way. The big obstacle to this is that the *Herald*, unlike the *Mirror*, is—and has to be—official. Ainsworth is now, however, tearing himself away for a trip to Australia to represent British journalism at the Commonwealth Press Union conference and take a look at some magazine properties Odhams may buy. He has left behind a detailed memorandum of what he wants done; but the fact that he will no longer be in day-to-day control may well give the more politically minded of the editorial staff a breathing space in which to carry through necessary reforms without damaging the political content of the paper. One must hope they will succeed in using it to good purpose.

The *Herald's* dilemma could produce some journalistic dividends for the *News Chronicle*—which at 2d. may need them badly. After a period of confusion the *News Chronicle*—apart from an embarrassing schoolgirlish naivety whenever it deals with royalty—has now settled down to a policy of assuming that its readers are on the whole intelligent people.

Its problem is that at 2d. it is now in direct competition with the *Daily Telegraph* whose news coverage is considerably superior. Politically it still tends to veer first one way and then the other—according, one suspects, to whether the influence of Mr. Laurence Cadbury, or Lord Layton is most in evidence at any particular moment. If it looks Left a little more consistently it may pick up some *Herald* readers. And it will probably need all it can get.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Lost Opportunity

SIR MILES THOMAS, the chairman of the Advertising Association, is much impressed by the "restrained and delicate manner" in which advertising is handled on British TV screen. "We seem," he is quoted as saying, "to combine wit and selling approach to an attractive degree."

While unable to match these encomia, viewers do seem generally agreed that the ads come as a pleasant relief from most of the programmes. But this is, hurriedly and *ad hoc*, to botch up special standards of judgment for the I.T.A. By any measure we more normally use for enjoyment, television advertising is horrible.

The advertisers, of course, could reply that it's not our enjoyment they're after. What they want is that we should remember and buy, and soon, no doubt, they will have figures to show that this is just what we do. Meanwhile, it is pointless to offer as evidence one's own insusceptibility, for the advertisers will reply that "one"—which is any "one" articulate about ads—isn't typical.

So since effectiveness isn't admissible, we may fairly fall back on enjoyment and express amazement at the wasted opportunity. This, after all, is television. This is a medium with its own special capabilities. It has the peculiar quality of communicating with the whole individual in his own environment, undiminished, as he is in cinema or theatre, by being one of a large group. It also has the quality of creating the illusion that the viewer is being personally addressed by someone who seems to be in the room with him. Where advertising on hoarding or in newspaper can, we feel, be ignored at will, what appears on the screen is inescapably addressed to us, the perfect captive audience.

Here, one would have thought, was the advertisers' ideal opportunity, the chance to speak directly to individuals. Advertisers have, we must assume, something to say. Without sincerity, without belief in the product (or so their own journals repeatedly warn them) no advertisement can ever be got over. More, sincerity is, we know, the quality that impresses us most on the television screen. Why have the advertisers not used it?

For it is the unreality of the advertisements that most repels. On the first evening, for instance, we had a twelve-year-old (?) boy tasting two baked cornflour puddings, then looking up from the one made of the advertised product and ecstatically exclaiming "Smashing!" Now on poster or newspaper we would, alas, take this for granted, but on the screen it just won't do. On the screen this a *real* boy, and we *know* that no real boy would find any baked milk-pudding smashing—just as we know that none of the real people we've heard in miniature "real-life" advertising playlets would really talk the way they do there. It may, in a perverse way, amuse, but it doesn't endear or convince.

The frequent use of children raises another point. If adults are prepared to be paid to say that they like what they don't, that's their business; but it does seem a peculiarly repellent use

The BOOKCASE *makes* the Room

Turn house into home with a Phoenix bookcase! Phoenix have made hand-finished bookcases for over 20 years and have the answer to most book-housing problems. If you have a growing library or difficult spaces to fill choose UNIX sections; or you will find the very thing for a young person's room for £6; there is a bookcase with built-in cupboard for the sitting room. The range is wide and prices moderate, usually avoiding purchase tax. *Deferred terms are available.* Our free 20-page illustrated catalogue is full of ideas. Coupon brings a copy—or call.

PHOENIX

first for Bookcases

To THE PHOENIX GALLERY (Dept. 2)
38 William IV St., Charing Cross, London, W.C.2
Without obligation please send me your illustrated Bookcase Catalogue

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Proprietors: Phoenix House Ltd.

of children. This is a very different business from setting children to straight acting, and it's hard to think much of the moral chances of people paid through childhood to influence other people by pretended likings.

More, as a parent I enormously resent pressure by advertisers on children to make children exercise pressure on parents. Procea Bread couldn't, of course, by the terms of the Act, have known that their ad. would appear during the children's programme; but it did; and "Tell Mummy to buy"—it urged the infant viewers, and to use children in this way is wrong.

Some advertisers do, I think, try sincerity, but, unfortunately, it turns out a phoney version. The ideal, a real contented shopper, I admit we could hardly recognise now after so many cries of "wolf." There have been quite a few long talks on the value of the product (Sun Silk Shampoo was a good example), but the words aren't the words that anyone would really use, and the speakers—how strongly television brings this out!—are clearly speaking them because paid to and not because believing in them. Now *someone* must believe in every product, or the public should be spared it. Couldn't it be that someone, and not a paid stooge, who came to talk to us? In real life, one is always impressed when a proud manufacturer speaks sincerely of his product. Won't one come and do it on the screen?

Crosse and Blackwell might, I suppose, say that this is just what they did with their daily testing panel, co-opted housewife and all. It didn't come off. In fact, it was a perfect example of the novelist's maxim that it's no use giving what's true unless it's also verisimilar.

If we can't have truth and verisimilarity, then undoubtedly the cartoon is the best bet—so long as it stays a cartoon—as a few most effectively do. But with most, there comes the horrible moment when the unctuous voice says, "Yes, Bumph is indeed the best——" and there they are, these well-groomed gentlemen and ladies, looking us in the eyes with nothing, absolutely nothing behind the unwrinkled brows. "It's Big, it's Bright, it's Better!" say the leaping words on the screen, and the lady or gentleman says them too, for one of the most offensive assumptions of the TV advertisers is that we're unable to read.

There really are, it now seems, some things one shouldn't say, and advertising slogans are among them. It isn't good for human beings to say aloud the kind of things the advertisers think up, not good for language, not good for society. Everyone has his most abhorred sin, and mine is blasphemy, the destruction of the word. It isn't right that people should speak phrases like "happy-in-love-with-life hair" or "the too-good-to-hurry mint." What can "happiness" mean after its association with "Hoover for Happier Homes"? And when someone sings "Mr. Max Factor of Hollywood has just made a promise to you," the promise being that "my new Cream Puff will make you lovelier than ever before," the conception of "a promise" is devalued.

All this is, I admit, destructive. We've got to have TV ads. now. What would make them good for us, not just for the advertisers? There is, of course, the admirable Shell approach, the honest, interesting little documentary "by courtesy of"—and it's a measure of the rest that several reviewers described this simple piece as a Third Programme approach. But even at lower levels than this, ads. could be honest, moderate, sincere and/or genuinely funny. They could even, if they were these things, dispel the long-standing prejudices of people like me by making advertising a means of bringing buyer and seller into honest, sincere relationship.

MARGHANITA LASKI

The Arts and Entertainment

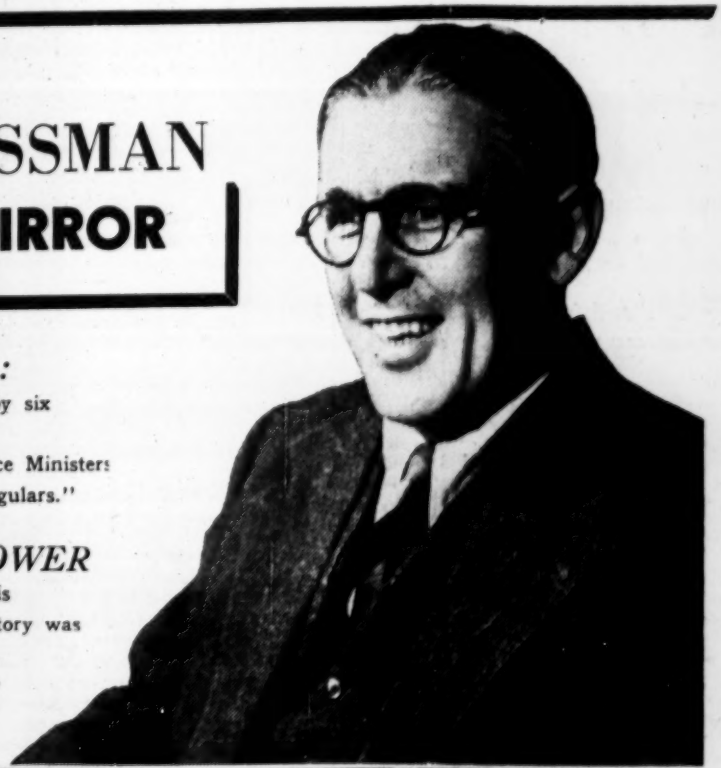
A Quantum Jump

I WROTE last week, apropos of Variety, of the error of trying to transfer it raw from music-hall to screen. Two consecutive weeks of intensive viewing have convinced me that this mistake is basic to the whole range of TV programmes as they are at present far too often devised, and stems from a failure to think and produce strictly in terms of the new medium. We need time to breed a generation of TV professionals. Meanwhile converts from stage, steam-radio, films and Fleet Street are busy trying to adapt their techniques to the corresponding categories of TV.

The problem is twofold. First, a small, monochromatic screen cannot successfully accommodate or convey what the stage or cinema screen convey: all TV entertainment must be specifically devised both to fit and to suit its own conditions of presentation. And this means that, secondly, it must take into consideration the mood of the audience, which, composed (on an average) of 2½ persons per set, sitting at home in their parlour, and probably over a cup of tea, is an audience radically different in adjustment and receptiveness from the mass audiences of music-hall, cinema or grandstand. This I hold to be obvious, despite its abrupt dismissal last week by Mr. Sylvester Weaver, the nothing-if-not-articulate President of N.B.C. as "absolute nonsense." What riles Mr. Weaver, I suspect, is the notion that anyone should use diminutives to describe this mighty commercial medium. Thus spake Mr. Weaver:

> I believe that man has come a long way fast, and he can now make a quantum jump forward in a generation, largely due to television, for now we can see the day coming when a normal human

What
RICHARD CROSSMAN
said in the **DAILY MIRROR**



ABOUT NATIONAL SERVICE:
"The only practical answer is to cut the call-up by six months—and face the consequences.
"I do not see any other way of forcing the Service Ministers to stop mis-using conscripts as a substitute for Regulars."

ABOUT PRESIDENT EISENHOWER
"The Republican Party bosses . . . now realise he is indispensable to them. With Ike as candidate, victory was certain. Without him, defeat is almost as certain.
"This means that the real fight for the Presidency will be inside the Democratic Party."

read his articles regularly in the Mirror

Ready today

The Unknown Prime Minister

The Life and Times of
ANDREW BONAR LAW
1858–1923
by Robert Blake

The first life of Bonar Law to be based on his own unpublished papers, on Lord Beaverbrook's political papers for the period and on the Lloyd George papers. A major and in places sensational contribution to political history. (Illustrated, 42/- net)

Elections and Electors

by J. F. S. Ross

The author of *Parliamentary Representation* has written a major study in the same general field, but covering much fresh ground. (42/- net)

Pageantry of the Law

by James Derriman

"It is with enthusiasm that I recommend this book, for it gathers together a miscellany of fascinating detail." E. DAILY PRESS.
"Curious and fascinating facts . . . Mr. Derriman revels in his subject." BELFAST NEWS-LETTER.
"Packed with interesting information." WESTERN MAIL. (Illustrated, 25/- net)

★

François Mauriac

The Lamb

Unfolded in a subtle, condensed style which gives it the fullest possible impact." SCOTSMAN. (12/6 net)

and, of course
(65th Thousand)

Joy Packer

Valley of the Vines

As freshly attractive as the country of its setting."—BIRMINGHAM POST. (12/6 net)

★

Also ready today

The High Hill of the Muses

edited by Hugh Kingsmill

This is Hugh Kingsmill's last anthology, and contains *"my favourite passages from English Literature."* With a prefatory note by Hesketh Pearson. (25/- net)

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

being can handle the entire information load necessary to place himself into his own time with all the information about his history as a human being, as a member of a race, a nation, a creed, a faith, all the information about the universe he inhabits and its scientific description; all the information about the human culture he inherits and its achievements and its history; all the information about himself and the way he works as an individual; so that his personal balance and equilibrium can be stabilised; so that he can handle his life and growth intelligently; and all the information about his future, and all futures projected, so that he can select from among the myriad alternatives the kind of person he wants to become, the kind of life he wants to live, the kind of work he wants to do, the kind of achievements he can aim for.

All of which "except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved."

This is, in fact, familiar sales talk with the familiar flavouring of uplift. Allowing for appropriate adjustments in superlatives, I should suspect it differs little from what comparable executives were saying about the potentialities of the popular Press some eighty years ago—and look at it now. I will positively yield to none in my belief in the wide-ranging possibilities of television; I am certain it is the most potent and the most promising vehicle of communication mankind has yet known. Nothing can alter the fact that its success as an "art" must depend on its developing its own canons; likewise, that success in its social and educative mission will depend on men of courage, conscience and social foresight taking charge. Otherwise, history may repeat itself and what Mr. Weaver ominously christens the "information load" will finally bury the long-suffering camel under the bottomless sands of mediocrity or worse.

Amid the tundra of two weeks of competition we must fairly acknowledge several encouraging extrusions. I had not room last week to mention the B.B.C.'s production (September 25) of *Les Sylphides*, an exciting move in the direction of devising a ballet-form specifically for television, though still some distance short of the full thing. I have already referred to A.B.C.'s promising "Sunday Afternoon" programme; likewise the B.B.C.'s new feature, "Is This Your Problem?" nibbles intelligently at TV "legitimate" in adult terms. But nothing I have recently seen promises a satisfactory solution of the particularly difficult and challenging problem of music; difficult because, in the nature of TV, sight is primary and sound an adjunct: how to blend the two in authentic TV language? Possibly Sir Thomas Beecham and the Granada network may offer us some kind of answer next Spring.

When we come to News the contention remains equally valid. Even when baldly summarising the day's news a pictorial medium can exclude the emergence of personality only by deliberately denying its own nature. That is why ITV News, reticent and well-behaved as it is, consistently outdistances the B.B.C.'s and why the B.B.C. will have to accelerate or lose the race. However gallantly Chattaway may strive to maintain a strictly impartial glare when recounting the evening's news, he does not entirely manage to mask that recessed twinkle in the eye which engagingly communicates the savour of a personal opinion. Perhaps the signing on of Roger Bannister as sports commentator is the thick end of the B.B.C. wedge? Many news items—sometimes the majority—on both B.B.C. and ITV are at present announced without any pictorial accompaniment, because none is available. It is noticeable that ITV is already tending to pick its subject-matter not strictly according to "spot" news but rather to the visual material at its disposal, which may not seem good journalism but is loyal to the medium. As for background news and features, we still have far too much of the kind of interview that reveals nothing except the breezy embarrassment of the interviewer. It was bad luck on Mr. Frank Owen to have had his "Personal Call" publicised in advance as Associated Rediffusion's equivalent of Ed Murrow's "Person to Person." How many O.B. cameras the Murrow programme requires I can only guess, but, technical facilities apart, this is a feature devised by a master practitioner who knows that revelation of character in a TV interview can be at least as important as the conveyance of opinion. Once more we come back to proper use of the medium. The close-up *can* be overdone, but not easily.

While commercial and institutional TV seem in most things still to be running neck and neck, commercialism has introduced one new item into the repertory which deserves the attention of the social psychologist. What are we to make of the doubtless highly popular Quiz Games? To laugh at the discomfiture of others, even perhaps to enjoy oneself being mocked and kicked around—these are well-known human amiabilities. But publicly to invite these pleasures, and to pay for their indulgence, is something new to this country. The fun does not even stop here. Decent, law-abiding people are persuaded to invade the privacy of other people's houses and there to make an intolerable nuisance of themselves, and are rewarded for their complicity. All is forgiven and forgotten on both sides for the sake of a five pound note and the privilege of an appearance on the Telly. Soon these jolly spectacles will become a commonplace of the English home. They will be a part of the family fun. As with newspapers so with broadcasting—it has never been the overt attempts at influence that are really sinister: these we can detect and make our own choice about. The risk lurks rather in the influences unconsciously imbibed through the day-to-day inculcation of cheap and nasty standards of taste and behaviour, the imperceptible daily lowering of levels. I should not myself opt to have a cauldron of stew emptied over my head in public because my wife had succeeded in making a fool of me to amuse the audience, but millions of decent English families will soon be laughing themselves sick at such edifying exchanges, and their children will be learning to take them for granted as examples of how civilised people behave. Others may regard them as a degrading assault on the dignity of the individual.

PS.—Prize for the nastiest "plug" of the week goes to the inventors of the slogan: "*Chew while you view.*"

GERALD BARRY

The Indian and the Sensitive Man

THE Edinburgh Gauguin Exhibition, now at the Tate, is magnificent. There could have been more late paintings, but what is included supplies a most moving and convincing picture of his whole career—if one can use the word for a life of such material failure. Further, the catalogue by Douglas Cooper is a perfect example of what a catalogue to such a show should be; it really puts scholarship at the service of those who are less informed. Read it as you go round the three galleries, for the notes on each picture are lucid, human and full of ideas which increase, rather than detract from, one's straightforward enjoyment of what is in front of one's eyes.

Anything I might write about Gauguin's stylistic development, about the importance of his influence, or about the comparative value of particular canvases, is already there in the catalogue. And so instead I propose to say a word about the relationship of the man to the painter.

Gauguin's life—poverty, disease, loneliness, disillusion, guilt—was wholly tragic. The legend of the stockbroker who chucked up his family and job, or that of the Genius sublimely above Responsibility, are inadequate both to the facts and to the suffering involved. Gauguin was a criminal. It may seem perverse to call a great artist that—and one must remember that his ruthlessness always extended to his own treatment of himself—but it is the only way, I think, of understanding him.

Gauguin's self-portraits, after he left his family in Copenhagen and became an outcast, are very revealing, especially if one remembers the innocence of Van Gogh's. The large lumbering body, the big hooked nose, the dark eyes whose expression is defensive and gives nothing away, the whole face—like one carved forcefully but with a blunt knife out of crude wood—are seen bitterly, cynically, as though the image Gauguin saw in the mirror reminded him of how a convict might strike a prison visitor, or how a man might appear, brought up from a dark cell for interrogation.

His crime was his decision in 1883 to become a professional, dedicated painter. It amounted to a crime partly because of the social attitude forced upon the imaginative artist at that time, and partly because of Gauguin's own temperament. All the great works of the late nineteenth century were produced in the belief that the individual could only risk himself creatively *against* society. This by itself turned the artist into an outcast. One half of Gauguin's character accepted this role so uncompromisingly that he was *treated* as a criminal; the other half, longing for acceptance and respect, made him *feel* a criminal. He instinctively understood both processes. "A terrible epoch," he wrote, "is being prepared in Europe for the coming generation: the reign of gold. Everything is rotten, both men and the arts." "You must understand that two natures dwell within me: the Indian and the Sensitive Man." Although Gauguin claimed descent from the Peruvian Indians, the Indian also had a symbolic meaning for him: he was the Free Man, the Independent Hunter, the Pure Primitive of uncorrupted appetite. The sensitive man was the exact opposite: the man of Esteem, cultivated, articulate Taste, Affection and Family Feeling. The two combine, the independence of the Indian and the guilt of the Sensitive Man in such twisted, agonised remarks as: "Yes, I'm a great criminal all right. But what does it matter? Michelangelo also. And I'm not Michelangelo."

All through his life until his attempted suicide six years before his death, this conflict continued. His letters from Panama, Brittany, Tahiti, the Marquesas, read like those of a man on the run, always planning to get over the border to security and comfort and a normal full life.

> You are without confidence in the future, but I have that confidence because I want to have it. Without that I should have long since thrown up the sponge. To hope is almost to live. I must live to do my duty to the end, and I can only do so by forcing my illusions, by creating hopes out of dreams. When day after day I eat my dry bread with a glass of water, I make myself believe it is a beefsteak.

And at the end, he wrote: "You have known for a long time what it is I wish to establish: the right to dare everything." *Dare,* not *Do.* In that difference of motive the conflict emerges again. One only talks of risking what one values.

It was not until after the death of his favourite daughter and his attempt at poisoning himself that Gauguin seems to have given up hope, or, more accurately, to have accepted his own terrible sentence on himself of deportation. His physical sufferings increased even further, but in his mind he achieved a certain reconciliation and calm.

Now, none of this would be worth pointing out and one could at least leave Gauguin his privacy, if it did not give us an important clue to understanding his art. Given the ideas of his time, Gauguin's painting was a very direct expression of his personality.

The Sensitive Man, robbed of security and sensibility, needed to dream. This might have led Gauguin to pure fantasy, symbolism, esoteric religious art—all of which he touched but never developed because the Indian in him required tangible trophies, required that "the dream" should have weight and body to it. Hence his travels: to Brittany (where the dream had to be forced a little) and to the South Seas where dream and actuality were fused: the scene simultaneously exotic and stark.

The Sensitive Man inspired the mood and often the titles of the paintings: *Alone, Nevermore, Where do we Come From, What are We, Whither do We Go?* The Indian bound with contours as strong as leather the simple tangible forms. Neither was concerned with superficial illusions; both wanted to strip their subjects to what they thought was the heart of the matter: one to the essential mystery, the other to the instinctive body.

Look at the masterpiece of *Nevermore.* Like all Gauguin's most original and mature works it is, in one sense, clumsily painted. This clumsiness, however, is absolutely necessary to express the constant tension within the picture between the evocative and the real; between the hieratic gesture of a carved statue (or the stylised movement of a dancer) and the spontaneous pose of a Tahitian girl lying in wait on a couch: between flat decoration and solid structure: between allegorical and local colour. As in all Gauguin's later works, there is a marked distinction between the figure and its surroundings. The girl's body is modelled and physically convincing, the background is two-dimensional and schematic. As one thinks about this one suddenly realises the explanation. The painting is the most accurate interpretation of what the girl herself might have felt as she lay there, intensely aware on the one hand of the reality of her own body, and, on the other hand, of the intangible comfort and threat of the dimensionless images projected around her from her own mind.

I believe that, sometimes very directly and sometimes less so, this duality of interpretation explains a great deal in Gauguin's greatest and most mysterious works. In his art he finally achieved his aim: to become a primitive and at the same time to remain finely articulate: to be simultaneously the Indian and the Sensitive Man.

JOHN BERGER

Venetian Story

"Summer Madness," at the Leicester Square
"Touch and Go," at the Odeon, Marble Arch

How much a gift, and how much a noose round his neck, is colour material to the good director? In *Summer Madness,* set in Venice, one receives the unmistakable impression that Mr. David Lean has only thought of his star, Miss Katherine Hepburn, and his story, in fits and starts. The beauty, the colour, the evanescent shadow patterns, the opulence of the famous architecture cheek by jowl with the city's dark by-ways have saturated him; and in an effort to capture the transience of the moment, the million fleeting fragments of which make up the glory, past, present and future, that is Venice, Mr. Lean has filmed some of the loveliest scenes of the city ever, surely, to appear in the cinema.

Miss Hepburn, the ageing American spinster typist, deserves every praise for competing with Venice, which may be classed with Paris, Rome, children and dogs as an actress's scene-stealers. She arrives in the city alone, taking the *vaporetto* to her *pensione.* She remains aloof, envious of others' happiness though hardly jealous, herself almost happy in a muted fashion, and half consciously wishing for a love affair which in Venice would not be tainted by morality.

Yet when she finds herself being looked over in the cool appraising Italian way by Signor Rossano Brazzi she panics, fleeing from the entanglement she most desires. Of course, since Venice is a small place, she meets the Signor again. The love affair, once started—for we have first to see St. Mark's, the Campanile, the Bridge of Sighs, Salute, the Grand Canal *et al*—is handled perfectly. Neither lover is young, wealthy, well known or deluded into believing that this is IT, and will last for ever. Signor Brazzi is in fact already married with a strapping elder son.

As a consequence, on its two levels, the romantic and the realistic, the affair proceeds naturally and with dignity. Miss Hepburn's performance is, I think, wonderful: touching, hilarious, delicate, it swings surely between the pathos of despair and the pathos of undreamed for happi-

DENT

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JONATHAN CAPE

ness. Without in any way emphasising her own loneliness, she sets the ache in her heart precisely before us, so tangibly that we suffer not only for her but with her. Signor Brazzi is the handsome lover, though an infusion of warmth into his playing would have been advantageous; while no more charming pimp, pander, and seller of dirty postcards can ever have been seen in a film than the small urchin, Gaetano Autiero.

If we may twist the Anouilh classification of *pièces noires et roses,* by terming the Ealing comedies hard and soft, we find, with *Passport to Pimlico* typifying the hard comedy, the latest, *Touch and Go,* standing very much for the soft—the marshmallow centre, at a guess. It may be that the Ealing comedy Empire is crumbling and that, with this tale of a husband (Jack Hawkins in an unsuitable comedy role) who throws up his job to emigrate to Australia, decadence has set in. It would seem so in a film that, delightfully colour-photographing Chelsea, can find nothing in this subject for amused or satirical comment. (Mr. Lean in Venice was not entirely taken in.) But then the British Way of Life—God bless it—is here played for all that it is worth and more; plethoric father, patient Mum, selling the house, selling the old crock of a car, parting with puss—the sentiment is thick and very soft. Even U-Groves, it seems, don't have much room for humour. MICHAEL CRAMPTON

"The Punch Revue," at the Duke of York's

It was a bright idea of Mr. Punch to enter the Little Revue lists. That is certainly an arena which is as badly in need of a renovation as the old *Punch* was when the new Mr. Punch took over, its formula no less sterile, its line of gags no less overworked. But however "different" the new material may have looked on paper, this revue comes out on the stage all too unremarkably the formula-as-before; it is this which causes the disappointment, in spite of its very good good numbers and its providing us with the supreme pleasure of enjoying Miss Binnie Hale again. All her numbers are pure crystal, throwing out a dazzle of polished satire. As Crawfie's nannie open-eyed at the ordinariness of ordinariness, as a torch singer with an Auden lyric and a Britten tune, above all in her impersonations so beautifully and wickedly observed, she is, quite simply, "the tops." Other highly amusing items are Paul Dehn's Shakespearian *olla podrida,* mounted in a splendid "cod" Old Vic style, and Mr. Berkeley Fase's very taking ballad of the Judas Tree. But there is too much that is all too predictable; and the throwing in of a Betjeman, a MacNeice and an Eliot is not enough variation; and it is sad that a Punch revue, especially, should miss all its chances on the political scene. One excellent innovation, the programme is not the usual bare-faced robbery—sixpence for a cast list and a few advertisements. It tries to earn its keep. Other managers, please copy. T. C. W.

"The Merry Wives of Windsor," at the Old Vic

We're all aware that Queen Elizabeth desired to see Sir John Falstaff in love. And that to oblige, Shakespeare wrote *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* satisfying the Queen and at the same time presenting to posterity the only picture the dramatist ever limned of contemporary life. What of contemporaneity remains in the present production is anybody's guess. The producer has our sympathies naturally. He is faced three times running with the same basic idea—that the monstrously fat knight believes all the fairer sex, in particular the Mistresses Ford and Page, are as in love with him as he is with himself. Mr. Seale solves his troubles by bypassing them; and in an alert presentation and with pleasing quirks of fancy speeds his production to vigorous heights of fun. And although one is conscious of the stylistic defects, one allows oneself willingly to be coaxed into an accepting good humour. To Mr. Paul Roger's Falstaff is due much credit. He is a delicious ass, got up in a splendidly outrageous saffron costume and red cloak, strutting, panting, crowing, a marvellous cock of the walk, drawing our sympathy as well as our amusement. As the other barometer-figure Mr. Richard Wordsworth makes a finely sardonic creature, a gale-swept aspen leaf practically torn from its branch by the gusty Falstaff. Only Miss Wendy Hiller and Miss Margaret Rawlings as the Merry Wives seem wholly ill-at-ease. M. C.

London Ballet Circle, at the Fortune Theatre

Last week the London Ballet Circle presented an ambitious programme under the direction of Kathleen Crofton, with choreography by John Cranko, Rupert Doone and Peter Darrell. The evening opened ominously with an anonymous mock *Giselle* which was as unfunny as it was anæmic; but with Rupert Doone's *pas de deux, The Circle,* it was obvious that a serious effort was being made to show interesting new work. An earnest-minded, cultured young couple stood on the stage with the baby in the wife's arms. They were obviously discussing psychology. The wife then danced the cycle of her life up to the time of the baby's birth, when a new cycle began. This was how I interpreted the symbolical movements, whose only tangible clue was a tennis racquet. Peter Darrell's ballet, *The Gift,* went on to develop the child problem, where a daughter watches her parents fighting for her affection with curiosity and shame. This was a well-managed story, sentimentally touching, and given tension by the startling performance of Julia Farron as the mother. Distracted by her love for her daughter, and jealousy of the father's equal passion, Miss Farron dominated the stage with most powerful acting. Gilbert Vernon's papa was as convincing, though more limited in expression. The most satisfactory ballet was *Dances Without Steps* by John Cranko, music by Alfredo Casella. This is a burlesque which satirises the clichés of thought and movement in modern ballet. It is quick and witty, relying entirely on delicate and subtle tricks to amuse the eye and mind. The weakness of the programme was in the piano playing and in the decor which, though tasteful, gave a grey and doleful impression. Bolder artists are needed for the problem of dressing the stage in such experimental work. A. F.

Correspondence

COMMUNIST PRISONERS

SIR,—I was glad to see in last week's "London Diary" some comments on the prisoners of East Europe. Perhaps the following remarks will be useful as additional information:

(1) As concerns the Czechs' "dilemma," it appears to be less the resurrection of the Titoists than getting rid of "Social-Democratism," the disease which, according to the debates of the recent congress of the Czech so-called trade unions, is more alive than ever in the ranks of the working class. Not only have the Czech Communists not released any of the old imprisoned Social-Democrats, but since Spring last year they have sent as many as they could of those who had escaped up to now to join them in gaol. Officially—i.e., according to the Czech Communist press—there have been trials in camera of Social-Democrats in the districts of Prague, Leberec, Brno, Karlovy Vary. But, according to private information, similar trials have taken place all over the country.

(2) As for Hungary, it is true that since Anna Kethly's release, many other Social-Democrats have been released from prison. Their number is estimated, according to different sources, at from 30 to a maximum of 50, including the former Minister of Industry, Iszef Takacs, and the former Socialist M.P., Imre Gyoerky. These do not, however, represent even 5 per cent. of the imprisoned Socialist leaders and officials. In any case, neither the former Under-Secretary of State, Gyula Kelemen, sentenced to life imprisonment in 1948, on completely faked charges, nor Paul Ignotus, nor the sociologist, A. Szalai, former professor at Budapest University, nor Istvan Szavabicen, former editor of the Nepszava, nor Tibor Bocsfoldi, former member of the T.U.C.'s executive, nor Paul Justus—to quote only some of the best-known amongst our Hungarian Socialist friends who are paying so dearly for having the courage to disagree with the regime and basically agree with us—is amongst the released.

(3) In Critic's interesting summary he completely overlooked Rumania. Since Stalin's death four "amnesties" have been granted to the Rumanians, and lately many political prisoners have been released. You will find amongst them corrupt or pro-Axis politicians and business men. For Lucretiu Patrascanu, secretary of the illegal Communist Party, a Titoist *avant la lettre*, and his friends arrested in 1948, the new course brought only a fake secret trial. Patrascanu, a fine intellectual, and another secretary of the pre-war illegal movement, Kofler, were sentenced to death and executed, and others were sentenced to long years of imprisonment.

Men who had worked for the Fascist regime, and even the former Iron Guards, who will be the main beneficiaries of the latest amnesty, which is only two weeks old, can find mercy in Rumania. But Patrascanu's non-Communist colleagues in the struggle against the dictatorship and the co-authors of the *coup d'etat* of August, 1944, the octogenarian peasant leader Maniu, the liberal leader Dinu Bratianu, also an octogenarian, and C. Titel Petrescu, the Social-Democrat leader, are still in prison if not dead, as is rumoured in Bucharest. However, there is no better illustration of the immorality of the "thaw" than the fate of the Socialist and metal trade union leaders of the Reshitza (Banat) district. In August, 1948, after the "fusion" Congress, hundreds of the leaders were arrested in the region, including Ion Mustetziu (who had been one of Rumania's delegates to the founding Congress of the W.F.T.U.), Truian Cercega and G. Hromatca. (The two latter left prison only in 1944. They were given a 20 years' hard labour sentence by Antonescu's "justice.") In 1954, they were all still awaiting trial in prison. Yet the amnesties do not touch them. On the contrary, the new course has only brought "legalisation" of their situation, i.e., a "judge" visited them in their cells; offered them their release in exchange for their signatures on a declaration of surrender, and, as they refused, sentenced them, on the spot, to 20 years' hard labour.

DANIEL NORMAN

CAPITALISM AND EQUALITY

SIR,—In his article upon Capitalism and Equality Mr. Peter Shore suggests that "those industries that still remain eligible for public ownership" include cotton and building. Is it not a fact that cotton gave rise to a remarkable complex of independent enterprises, that is to say, to extremely high specialisation?

May this not mean that in any field that affords constant scope for fresh initiatives, and perhaps in any that requires extreme effort to acquire and maintain very high expertise, efficiency is achieved better by independent enterprises than by large complex organisations?

No doubt large organisations, even if carried to the length of national monopolies, can achieve in practice and not merely in theory a high level of efficiency. But may there not be a margin that the general community cannot afford to lose, and that can be achieved only by giving to certain key workers greater independence?

Are there not perhaps real possibilities of advance along a quite different line of securing a fairer sharing of the national income by requiring that less of the earnings of successful enterprises shall be taken by their controllers, and that more shall accrue to the other workers in those same enterprises? Would not this reduce very greatly the need of the welfare State, with its own terribly wasteful need of a vast army of office workers and of taxation that is already very markedly disincentive?

I am not suggesting that, in Mr. Peter Shore's words, the next Labour Government should not use a larger shovel and build a more permanent dam. I am only suggesting that some British Government should experiment with the consequences of building a dam in a different place so that in some enterprises profits would be diverted from capitalists and principal managers, not to the tax collector's shovel but to the hands of all those workers in the particular enterprise whose incomes would otherwise fall below a certain maximum to which all should be limited.

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ERIC LUNDBERG *(Editor)*

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MACMILLAN

years. To judge from figures that are now published regularly, technical efficiency has risen. In the course of this time the managed have received four million pounds more than the contractual rates for which they undertook to work and, though about one-quarter of this amount might perhaps have accrued to them in ordinary "good" employment, it seems probable that most, if not all, of the other three-quarters are the result of the system.

Presumably sooner or later a Chancellor of the Exchequer, possibly Labour, possibly Conservative, will exempt such enterprises from a profits tax that is in their case merely an income tax upon the workers, including the very poorest. It would be a simple means of trying these ideas concurrently with any adjustments and developments of the "dam and shovel" of which Mr. Peter Shore speaks.

J. SPEDAN LEWIS

WEST INDIANS IN BRITAIN

SIR,—Mr. Frank Hill's letter no doubt has a purpose, but it certainly is not one that has any connection with the problem of West Indian emigration to Britain.

With regard to agriculture in Jamaica: for many years now, Britain has been paying a price well above the free world price for sugar; for bananas, the price paid gives an extremely good return to the grower for practically no effort ("money for old rope," as one Jamaican overseer put it to me, meaning the phrase to be taken literally); and the citrus industry is bedevilled by a Government-imposed scheme which compels the bulk of the most delicious oranges and ortaniques—excellent table fruit—to be sent to a juice-extracting factory that was redundant even when it was built.

However, these are economic questions, which, as Mr. Frank Hill well knows, are irrelevant or insignificant when placed alongside the real problem, which is that of population. Jamaica's birth rate is over 30 per 1,000, and the death rate only 11 or 12 per 1,000; we are informed that with the natural increase the island's population of 1,500,000 can expect to double itself in forty years. The resultant number will be far in excess of what the island can expect to support, and where can the surplus population go? The United States is now closed, Panama and Cuba are no longer open, and the Commonwealth countries are also closed; emigrants are therefore coming to Britain.

Economic subsidies, the need for which is put forward as a dire threat by Mr. Hill, could not possibly help to solve the problem of over-population. The three main branches of agriculture which he mentions in Jamaica employ only a total of 150,000 people (and the figures he gives for each branch are a seasonal maximum, if not grossly exaggerated), and Mr. Hill describes this total as "just about one-quarter of our labour force." Economic subsidies, however massive, could not hope to transform this picture to take care of an eventual labour force of, say, one million workers.

68 Victoria Avenue, H. L. BRAY
Westgate-on-Sea.

PRIVATE PRACTICE IN THE HEALTH SERVICE

SIR,—Your article "Private Practice in the Health Service" is most misleading. The existence of two standards of treatment, superior for private-bed patients and inferior for ward patients, is not "freely admitted"; in fact the reverse is the case, as many patients who have experienced both have told me. Private wards in hospital are ten times as difficult to obtain as beds in public wards, hence really ill patients who would have preferred the former have been thankful to accept the latter and have been agreeably surprised. The alternative being a nursing home, where facilities (X-rays, bacteriological tests, blood examinations, etc.) are not available or of prohibitive cost. In hospital all special investigations are equally used for private and public ward patients. Admittedly less-experienced surgeons do operate, but they may be more careful and more up to date than their seniors; besides, they must learn their job, and a hospital, with skilled supervision and nursing assistance, is the place.

Re tonsils and adenoids, the whole problem is one of beds. A leading ear and throat surgeon said to me a few weeks ago, "I would willingly operate all day and every day to catch up on the lists, but there are no beds available for the three- or four-day stay."

Although I have always been in favour of the N.H.S., I am sure the Labour Government rushed it without foreseeing the result that nearly everybody would wish to join, so the hospitals are totally inadequate. I personally have been in general practice 35 years—ten years ago I had 1,000 private and about 300 "panel" patients. Now I have 1,600 N.H.S. and a handful of private patients, mostly elderly ladies. They consider the N.H.S. does not pay me enough for the monthly visit and friendly talk they like—to prevent their falling ill (and so lining my pockets!). Fortunately they know me too well to insult me by suggesting that I do not give the same treatment to private and N.H.S. patients. Perhaps the best result of the N.H.S. is that patients come early so that their doctor can apply "the stitch in time that saves nine." Also, one can order expensive medicines, if required, without worrying how the patient can pay.

ALETHEA J. EAMES

MARX AS HISTORIAN

SIR,—How these Marxists rage furiously together when their idol is touched! But really I think it is time that Marx was recognised for what he was: the Founding Father of a political and ideological movement—a Calvin or a Rousseau—but not a historian.

In one sense your Marxist correspondents seem to admit this. They allow that Marx's interpretation of the past and his prediction of the future may have been wrong, but they insist that even if he was not a historian himself he was in some way the father of modern historical thought, i.e., that the modern interest in social and economic history would not have existed but for his work. Therefore, they imply, his own historical errors are venial, being merely incidental to his many vicarious historical achievements.

Now I consider such a view to be both untrue and unjust. What is the evidence that (say) Pirenne, Bloch or Maitland were inspired and influenced by Marx rather than by those other less doctrinaire predecessors whose work is now arrogantly suppressed by Marxists for the greater glory of their Master? Modern historical studies rest on the historical work of pioneers quite independent of Marx. In England, Hume and Adam Smith set their course before him; Marx's contemporary Thorold Rogers did far more for their scientific development than he. The Fabians, the Manchester economic historians, drew their inspiration from native, not German, sources. Tocqueville and Fustel de Coulanges have had far greater influence than Marx on historical studies in France. If historians do now breathe a new intellectual atmosphere, it was these and such men who created it. Marx merely barged into it. He himself did not claim to have originated any historical idea except the coming of the classless society (which shows no sign of coming). "Long before me," he wrote, "bourgeois historians had described the historical developments of this class struggle and bourgeois economists the economic anatomy of the classes." Nevertheless his disciples now try to kick everyone else out of the field and howl blue murder whenever their title is questioned. Since they are many and howl in unison, they make themselves heard; but in fact anyone who studies the origins of the best modern historical work finds that it does not derive from Marxism but from independent sources.

Nor is this all. Having claimed Marx as the founder of modern historical studies, your correspondents go on to imply that all the best modern historians either are his disciples or have been directly influenced by him. But who are these historians? We hear a lot about them, but never their names. Mr. Hobsbawm refers darkly to the Pope, Mr. Hill to Sir Lewis Namier. These, I presume, are jokes. As for Marxist historians—we used once to hear a great deal about one of them, Pokrovsky. But where is he now? Alas, like Trotsky, he cannot now be named: Stalin had him pulped.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

NEHRU AND CHINA

SIR,—In the review of "Struggle for Asia" Miss Dorothy Woodman writes: "I doubt whether Pandit Nehru can see himself as Sir Francis Low paints him—a kind of St. George of Asia slaying the Chinese Communist dragon."

I cannot imagine where your reviewer gets this idea: it cannot be from the book. The latter part of "Struggle for Asia" makes it clear that while Pandit Nehru has no use for Communism at home, his foreign policy in Asia is based on co-existence with Communist China in accordance with the "Five Principles" agreed between the two Governments when India recognised the Chinese occupation of Tibet. There is no question of Pandit Nehru "slaying the Chinese Communist dragon." On the contrary, to quote from the book, "Mr. Nehru wants to make co-existence with Communist China a workable reality on terms which he can accept. These terms would connote China's respect for her neighbours' frontiers and strict non-interference with their internal affairs." FRANCIS LOW

3 Victoria Street, S.W.1.

[Dorothy Woodman writes: "Sorry, I should have said not 'slay' but 'out-play' the Chinese dragon." —ED., *N. S. & N.*]

LEO AMERY

SIR,—Critic, in his properly appreciative references to Leo Amery, made another slip besides the one which Robert Boothby has corrected. His memory of C. P. Scott's story of how he (C. P. Scott) had to rescue "little Amery . . . from the Turks" is at fault. Amery would never have been guilty of "bashing" with his umbrella a Turkish sentry "who barred his way," and in such a case would presumably be merely obeying orders.

The incident took place on the bridge over the Vardar in what was then Turkish Macedonia. Crossing the bridge Amery saw a big swaggering Albanian,

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decked in customary fashion with pistols ornamented with silver-work and rubies, beating a local Christian, Bulgar or Greek. Taken aback by Amery's spirited attack, he immediately desisted and went off. I visited what was then called Uskat a year later and found the story still the talk of the town. The Turkish Governor himself told me the tale, and though the Albanians were privileged under Abdul Hamid's rule, he spoke with admiration of Amery's performance.

Of Amery's desire for India's independence within the Commonwealth, I had many proofs in my Indian days, but I found it as hard to get Indians to realise this as it was to make my Indian friends understand that Sir John Anderson, Governor of Bengal, was not the creator—and a solely responsible cruel monster—of the Black-and-Tans in Ireland.

Another of Amery's dreams, which he spoke of to me, was that Denmark and Greece might voluntarily ask to enter the Commonwealth.

Savile Club, W.1. ARTHUR MOORE

[Critic writes: Delighted to have the whole story. I told it as C. P. Scott told it to me.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

MARTYRS

SIR,—Mr. Evelyn Waugh's "eloquent foreword" to William Weston's *Autobiography*, reviewed in your columns, may be good Catholic propaganda but is certainly lopsided history. For one thing, it is absurdly far-fetched to compare Weston, a devoted missionary, to the late Georges Bernanos. But perhaps Mr. Waugh has not read Bernanos' masterpiece *Les Grands Cimetières sous la Lune*—one of the fiercest anti-clerical pamphlets in all the French language?

That, however, is a mere trifle. What I quarrel with is the bland assumption—made not only by Mr. Waugh but by all his co-religionists when discussing the victims of Protestant persecution—that courageous resistance to tyranny was only to be found on one side of the totalitarian curtain of those days; that there were no religious martyrs except Roman Catholic martyrs.

This is simply to turn a blind eye to what had happened or was then happening in France, Italy and Spain. Father Weston was old enough to remember the massacre of St. Bartholomew, that night of the long knives, the *Strages Ugonottorum*, the news of which, according to Lord Acton, so delighted the reigning Pontiff that he set all the bells of Rome ringing. In Spain, too, where the Inquisition was in full swing, it is safe to say that the number of "heretics" burnt alive far outnumbered the Catholic "martyrs" in Elizabethan England. About the time that Weston and Gerard were writing their reminiscences, the Spaniard, Mariana, their fellow-Jesuit, was composing his history. He gets quite rhapsodic about the Inquisition. To ignore all this side of a picture is to falsify history.

HAROLD BINNS

MR. PRIESTLEY'S LIFEBOAT

SIR,—I would disagree with J. B. Priestley's statement that pictures on loan with a monthly renting fee make no wide appeal. We have found, in our four years' experience of renting pictures, that the demand is great and increasing. Our scheme does not conflict with the possessive instinct—on the contrary, we are enabling many young potential patrons to start building up a collection. A large proportion of our pictures taken out on hire are eventually bought in by the hirer. That is one side of our work. Equally important is the supplying of pictures on hire to public places—hospitals, factories, schools and colleges, and the travelling exhibitions which we send to local museums and public libraries. We are fortunate in being able to call on many well-known artists who are members of our Association, like Ardizzone, Ayton, Bone, Craxton, Gear, Hilton, Minton, Rosoman, Trevelyan, Uhlman, Weight, etc., as well as many of the most interesting artists of the younger generation. The artists lend their pictures and receive a hiring fee. ADRIAN HEATH *Chairman*

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Autumn Books Supplement

UNCLES AND NEPHEWS: A Literary Dialogue

"INDEED, you are not bothering me. Come in. I am always delighted to see my nephews, the talented ones especially."

"I am glad you mentioned the talent, Uncle, for it is on account of that that I am here."

"I did not suppose it to be merely for the pleasure of visiting the middle-aged. Is it money you have come for, or advice?"

"Advice, in the first place."

"You are on safe ground with advice. There it is admittedly more blessed to give than to receive. But there is also some sherry."

"I notice there is also gin. Or is that not offered before luncheon?"

"Being twice as costly, it is not offered first. But since I have been careless enough not to conceal it, I can hardly deny its existence. You may help yourself. You should remember, however, that it is not good manners to help yourself too liberally."

"My uncles are always talking about good manners. They think they are in themselves a sign of talent."

"You would be wiser not to cherish the illusion that the converse is true, in spite of the example of your cousins Wain and Amis. Let us, however, assume your talent. What you are wondering, no doubt, is how you are to use it?"

"I intend to make my way in the world with it. The question is only over the first step."

"And I suppose, since you have come to me, it is the literary world you wish to make your way in."

"Is there any longer a literary world?"

"Since some 20,000 books are published every year and most of the family make a comfortable living out of them, I assume there is."

"Oh, *your* literary world still exists. That can't be denied. What I am concerned with is its successor."

"I am not aware that it yet has a successor. Or indeed that it yet needs one. We are middle-aged, but not dead. You have presumably discussed it with other members of the family? Most of them still have a good deal of influence."

"I made the rounds last week. It was as you would expect. Uncle Raymond prescribed a course of travel I could not afford, and began to compile a reading list I shall never have time to get through. 'Thackeray, Sainte-Beuve, Balzac, my dear boy,' he began. Uncle Cyril introduced me to avocado pears and then left me for someone more important. Aunt Nancy advised the Church: 'Unlimited time and no retiring age.' When at last I got a word in, she didn't seem to like it."

"What was it you said?"

"I asked if I could borrow her 'phone. . . . Great-Uncle Harold stood me champagne at the Beefsteak, and discoursed on the *Kalos Kagathos*. Great-Uncle Tom talked of nothing but the Church in South India. Great-Aunt Edith has grown most eccentric; she is giving away rosaries now. Uncle Evelyn refused to come to the door, but flung me Burke's *Landed Gentry* through the French windows. Uncle Leslie Hartley told me to cultivate my nostalgia; several others gave the same advice. Uncle V.S.P. said: 'I should do some writing.' Uncle Henry Green brushed aside my praise of *Living* with 'Oh yes, I wrote that in the year we got the contract for the *bidets* at the Ritz.' Uncle Malcolm told me to hate more consistently."

"You ought to have gone to your Uncle John Lehmann. He has always been the first to be consulted."

"I naturally went to the editors first. Uncle John wanted a five-thousand-word essay on the early novels of Great-Aunt Virginia."

"A serious study would make a good beginning. It would give you prestige."

"But has anyone outside the family the least interest in the early novels of Great-Aunt Virginia? Still, I might try it on Uncle Stephen. There is as much prestige with him, and I understand he pays more."

"You may abandon your hope of selling your Great-Aunt Virginia to the higher bidder. Arthur Koestler, an uncle by marriage and so understanding as to have adopted us all, has got in before you. His *Mrs. Dalloway and Sacher-Masoch: A Study in the English Effete* is in the current issue. It is a wise plan to read the magazines in which you hope to get published."

"They are edited for your generation."

"Then why not found a magazine of your own and start a literary movement? There is nothing like a movement."

"I see it has paid off well with the family. Has it other advantages?"

"Of course. In our day, for instance, your problem would have been easy to solve. The movement was there in full spate. We'd have launched you into it."

"And how would you have done that?"

"By giving you introductions to the four people who mattered. You could have taken them your poems, or at worst your novel."

"And supposing, as in my case, there was no novel, much less any poems?"

"There must be a novel, if there are no poems. Indeed, my advice, since you have asked for it, is this. Go back and write one! It is not difficult. You draw on the experiences of your unhappy childhood and the bullying that went on at your public school."

"But the very little bullying that went on at my school was mostly done by me, and my childhood was particularly happy."

"In that case I am afraid I cannot foresee a literary future for you. You have made so bad a beginning."

"But did anyone read these novels?"

"Of course they did. We all read each other's."

"And you actually found someone to publish them?"

"Publishing in those days was still a profession. Any decent publisher would be willing to lose a hundred or two on a sensitive first novel, and think himself well rewarded by a good notice in one of the weeklies."

"Thank goodness that's all over. I don't see much point in writing novels which nobody praises but the NEW STATESMAN, and which nobody reads in spite of their praise. If I wrote a novel, I should want it to be read."

"In that case, my dear nephew, I don't think literature *is* your line. You've thought of the films? Young men a year or two back were interested in nothing but the films. Even Uncle Wystan wasn't above trying his hand at them in the old days."

"Who was Uncle Wystan?"

"Ah, I shouldn't have mentioned him. He was our black sheep. He hasn't been spoken of in the family for years. What about journalism? *The Times*, for instance. Your Uncle Graham first found Sin off Printing House Square. What's more, the present Editor is a literary man."

"He they call 'Good Old Hazlitt,' the Thunderer who's become John o' London?"

"*The Times* remains perfectly respectable."

"And be proportionately ill-paid?"

"If pay is all you are interested in, you had better offer your talent to the penny papers. You will say that they are only read by housemaids, but I am told it is the highbrows that write them. But it is hardly the life for a sensitive young man."

"We have evidently been talking at cross-purposes, my dear Uncle. I do not pride myself on sensibility."

"Oh? Wasn't sensitive the word which passed round the family on the strength of some contribution to some Oxford magazine?"

"If it was, I've got off to a very bad start. Does Cousin Amis sell forty thousand copies by being sensitive? Is Cousin Fairlie bludgeoning out a career for himself with the paper-knife of sensibility? This is the Fifties, not the Thirties. We have neither leisure nor money for Ivory Towers."

"Ivory Towers! Is it already forgotten that, when we weren't writing—and *our* writing *was* writing, it sometimes took us half a morning and the whole of the London Library to find the right epithet—we were out in the streets, collecting arms for Spain or demonstrating with the unemployed?"

"Only a leisured class could have fitted both in. With us it would have to be one or the other. Our jobs give no time for both. But it's no use harking back at the past. We must realise that the family's finished."

"Finished! When we have Great-Uncle Morgan, Aunt Elizabeth, Aunt Rosamond. . . ."

"Indeed, yes. And all the brood of in-bred nephews busy trying to be uncles."

"But how badly we need them in this mass machine age, those champions of the private heart and the heart's reasons."

"Sensitives of the world unite! Isn't it about time we dropped the family obsession with personal relations?"

"And what, if not personal relations, is to be the new contemporary subject?"

"Power, I should say. Power and class."

"Class! How old-fashioned you are! Why, the family gave that up years ago. Not that we didn't explore the subject thoroughly in our day. Have you forgotten Rex Warner, Day Lewis, Charles Madge (yes, we even brought class into our poetry!). There was Edward Upward, T. O. Beachcroft, Willy Goldman. There was Rowse before Hatfield and Isherwood before the Swamis. At that time, we went into class-consciousness thoroughly."

"I mean, my dear uncle, the facts of class, not waiting for Lefty. Even if the family failed to publish them, they must have read Evelyn Waugh, Anthony Powell . . ."

"Reactionary fribbles!"

"They are what we read. And there are other aspects to the subject. There are Snow's Boffins and Amis's Displaced Persons and Angus Wilson's Dodos."

"And here am I thinking we live in a Welfare State! Only a step from that classless society which another branch of the family did so much to promote."

"You are way behind the times, Uncle. We live in a world of New Men, of cultural knights and political scientists and military heads of Public Corporations, a world of income-tax evasion and fat expense accounts (talking of which, may I have another gin?). Dons squabble for radio contracts, and pools promoters send their sons to Eton; we take our politics from *Punch* and our humour from the *New Yorker*, our taste from Bon Viveur, our culture from *The Daily Telegraph*, our snobbery from the *Sunday Times* and our religion from Billy Graham. It is a world not of personal relations, but of power, and the sensitive won't long survive there, whether in life or literature."

"And you, in spite of your heredity, fancy you can make your way in it?"

"I must, therefore I can. As the Great Wittgenstein says, 'I am my world'. And I must thank you, Uncle, for helping to clear my mind about where I can best use my talent."

"I had not fancied we were reaching any conclusion."

"I have reached one now. Uncle Norman lately offered me a job—writing scripts for television. I shall accept."

"This is more than I can bear!"

"Does the TV enrage you so much?"

"Since I have never seen it and never intend to, why should TV enrage me? What enrages me (you can find your own way out!) is your talking of *Uncle* Norman. Mr. Collins was never a relation of ours."

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For sacrifice, there are certain principles—
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I do not mean your ritual. This you have learnt:—
The garland, the salt, a correct use of the knife,
And what to do with the blood:
Though it is worth reminding you that no two
Sacrifices ever turn out alike—
Not where this god is concerned.

The celebrant's approach may be summed up
In three words—patience, joy,
Disinterestedness. Remember, you do not sacrifice
For your own glory or peace of mind:
You are there to assist the clients and please the god.

It goes without saying
That only the best is good enough for the god.
But the best—I must emphasise it—even your best
Will by no means always be found acceptable.
Do not be discouraged:
Some lizard or passing cat may taste your sacrifice
And bless the god: it will not be entirely wasted.

But the crucial point is this:—
You are called only to make the sacrifice:
Whether or no he enters into it
Is the god's affair; and whatever the handbooks say,
You can neither command his presence nor explain it—
All you can do is to make it possible.
If the sacrifice catches fire of its own accord
On the altar, well and good. But do not
Flatter yourself that discipline and devotion
Have wrought the miracle: they have only allowed it.

So luck is all I can wish you, or need wish you.
And every time you prepare to lay yourself
On the altar and offer again what you have to offer,
Remember, my son,
Those words—patience, joy, disinterestedness.

C. DAY LEWIS

The Sculptor's Block

Jean Santeuil. By MARCEL PROUST. Translated by GERARD HOPKINS. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 30*s.*

As completely as the revelations of Gladys Storey changed the popular conception of Dickens as a man, so the discovery of *Jean Santeuil* has changed the popular conception of Proust. He is among the few great writers whose first appeal was a cult-appeal; even today he does not always escape the tender discoloration of cult-criticism. This is partly due to the Proustian eidolon: the peevish, fly-eyed hypochondriac shivering round the drawing-rooms in his greatcoat, turning out a few over-written pieces here and there, but on the whole living a life of delectable idleness till suddenly, by some freak, he produced a masterpiece. Most of us have a romantic picture of the dilettante hero who manages to waste the greater part of his life before redeeming himself by some self-transforming feat; we would like to do that, too; we would like to be hot-house flowers; we would like to make our reputations not by years of grind but by one monstrous, valedictory flash in the pan. Now it seems that Proust was not like that at all; that for the twenty-six years before his death he worked as hard as Stendhal or Turgeniev.

When the rumour first leaked out from France that a vast unpublished novel had turned up among Proust's papers, it seemed like a practical joke; indeed, I was twice warned in all seriousness to be careful, in case it turned out to be one. I felt rather strongly that the forgery of nine hundred Proustian pages might be a hoax too laborious for even the most determined wag since Theodore Hook, but could not suppress a twitch of relief when the news was confirmed. Proust left behind him seventy notebooks and several boxes of loose and tattered pages which his niece handed to M. Bernard de Fallois. Out of this material, by a work of the greatest labour and devotion, M. de Fallois pieced together the whole of the novel, *Jean Santeuil*, which has now appeared in a fresh and sensitive translation by Mr. Gerard Hopkins. It reads, as it should do, like a very young Scott-Moncrieff. In its respect for Proust's verbal oddities and even, where possible, for his speech rhythms, it links for the English reader the first try-out with the final achievement.

"Shall I call this book a novel?" Proust writes at the beginning. "It is something less, perhaps, and yet much more, the very essence of my life, with nothing extraneous added, as it developed through a long period of wretchedness. This book of mine has not been manufactured: it has been garnered."

Some of the French critics seem to have called it a novel, and a bad one; some have even gone so far as to suggest that it might have been better for Proust's reputation if it had been suppressed. This would appear a bizarre, not to say an unscholarly, point of view, even if the book were worse than they imply; but in fact it is much better. The likelihood is that if *Jean Santeuil* had been his only book, it would have found its way into one of those addict's corners of literature that are so oddly enduring, along with, say, Beckford, Beddoes, Firbank and Radiguet.

In eleven years, between the first sentence of *Jean Santeuil* and the first of *A la Recherche*, Proust changed from being just a bit of an ass into a man of genius. For there is, about this first novel, a touch of the disarmingly naive, the unrebukably absurd. It consists of various episodes, strung loosely together without connected narrative, in the life of a great writer. Almost from the first page the reader feels a lowering of confidence. "Marcel," in *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, is plainly a great writer; but one doubts very much the *bona fides* of "Jean." The doubt is a reasonable one; at that time Proust was neither a great writer himself, nor had he the kind of literary cunning by which an artist of mere talent can make plausible the portrait of an artist of genius. Yet the novel

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as a whole has much of the peculiar glamour inseparable from Proust's mature genius, the Pre-Raphaelite eye that breaks up into mosaic a leaf upon a tree.

In his preface to *Contre Sainte-Beuve*, which marks a far more important and significant stage in Proust's development, Bernard de Fallois remarks that there is no such thing as an unpublished work by Marcel Proust, since all he ever wrote was in preparation for his masterpiece and was finally brought within it. Here, in *Jean Santeuil*, is Gilberte, as Marie Kossichef; here is Charlus, in a first uncertain and timid sketch, as M. de Lomperolles; here are the Guermantes, but nobler, kindlier, worshipfully idealised, as the Duc et Duchesse de Réveillon; here, in Henri de Réveillon, is a tentative, boy-scoutish attempt at Saint-Loup. Here is the Dreyfus case, but used flatly, without the social and philosophical significance to be bestowed upon it later; here is the story of the lover rousing up two old gentlemen late at night in mistake for his mistress. The book is full of cartoons, some of them mere scribbles, some brought nearly to completion, for the great work.

The deeper significance, however, lies in the novel's revelation of Proust's extraordinary moral discipline. To work as hard as he did, in wretched health, is impressive enough. For a man who so adored admiration, to complete a novel of such vastness almost in silence (reference to it in his correspondence is secretive and fleeting) and then have the courage to suppress it altogether, is more impressive still. But the most impressive thing of all is the way in which, during the period between putting it in a drawer and beginning *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, Proust contrived to groom and stiffen his own nature. The chapters concerning Jean in Society, how he is snubbed by the vulgar Mme Marmet and revenged with Balzacian lavishness by Mme de Réveillon, are absurd enough to be embarrassing. This is the *folie de grandeur* blowing its head off like Vesuvius; over the whole silly business there is scarcely a single redeeming shine of irony. At that time Jean-Marcel was lost in love for his duchesses, taking the whole of the glitter for gold, having not the slightest idea that he would one day come to compare the leaders of the Faubourg with the lavatory-attendant in the Champs-Elysées. But in the intervening years he faced social reality as far as he was ever to know it. He learned to laugh at himself. He learned not to make an ass of himself by accident, but to do it only on purpose; and he used the knowledge superbly.

Jean Santeuil was obviously written without a plan and without tenacity of mood. Nevertheless, despite these imperfections, the bone of Proust's gift is at least as much present as Dostoievski's in *Poor Folk*, or Stendhal's in *Armance*. The insatiable enjoyment of grief, the extraordinary awareness of common phenomena, the ruminative irony and compassion—they are all there. Indeed at certain points, and for a curious reason, the first draft is occasionally more convincing than the final work. The reason is that in 1896 Proust had not yet invented that style, one of the most infectious in all literature, which is so hypnotic that it makes the impossible seem matter-of-fact, or more exactly, makes all events, impossible or ordinary, seem about equally plausible.

But, wonderful as are the achievements of the mature style, it cannot help take off some of the edge of direct experience; in consequence, the story of Marie Kossichef in *Jean Santeuil* has a sharper impact than the story of the young Gilberte and an effect of greater innocence. Far more often, of course, one feels the lack of the developed style. Later on he might have got away with the Dostoievskian episode of the obsessed Daltozzi who prowls after women in the rain; written simply and nakedly, this is oddly lacking in effect; if there was "a Dostoievski side to Madame de Sévigné," there was not really one to Proust, and in those first attempts at it he comes a cropper; he has not yet the art to complicate almost anything into plausibility.

Since *Jean Santeuil* is made out of a string of episodes, it should be easy to put down at any time, perhaps for good and all. But it is not. Proust had, even at this period of experiment and without any narrative glue to help him, the power to give his work a compulsive readability. He has so much to say that is new, so much to pour out, so much to transfuse from his imaginative experience into our own, that we become afraid of missing a word, just in case that word may be the key to unlock what Thomas Wolfe called "the incommunicable prison of this earth." He is of all great writers the most intimate, and *Jean Santeuil* has the allurement of a confidence made behind closed doors.

It is interesting to see that until 1908 Proust was no great hand at nomenclature. Lomperolles seems poor beside Charlus, Réveillon beside Guermantes, Marie Kossichef beside Gilberte Swann, M. de Ribeaumont beside M. de Norpois, Jean beside Marcel: and it is an effort to accept such bit-players as the Duchesse de la Tour Acquevive or the Duc de Lithuanie. If he had continued to use such names we should have found his world appreciably harder to believe in. In fact, he had to work hard to make himself believed: now that he is believed he is, incidentally, far too often swallowed whole. *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* is far more subjective a work than cult-admiration has realised, and the reader who finds himself, without qualification taking Marcel's ideas for his own may be restored by discovering in *Jean Santeuil* the raw and freakish stuff of many of them, before they were transformed by a marvellous and disciplined intellect into something that often appears as undeniable as revealed truth. It is possible that *Jean Santeuil* may attract to Proust many people who have found it hard to get into the masterpiece. It is not what he wants to do, but it is the key to his intentions; and some may find *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* easier to understand if they start off from the point at which he started himself.

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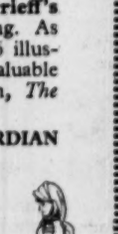

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The World of Paul Nash

Paul Nash: The Portrait of an Artist. By ANTHONY BERTRAM. *Faber.* 42*s.*

On the face of it Paul Nash is now over-documented. This is the fifth biggish volume dealing with his life, painting, writing, photography, or all of these, to be published since 1948. But if this seems like a surfeit it is at least as much the fault of the other books as of this one. Mr. Bertram, an old friend of the artist and one of his earliest biographers, has taken trouble and has produced a sensitive and scholarly book which in fact, for the first time, sees the subject whole. It ties up dangling threads and makes itself seem necessary. There is some over-lapping with the other books, but not too much. The Nash-Gordon Bottomley correspondence formed the basis for a more or less continuous recent chronicle, and Mr. Bertram has drawn on this as well as on other printed letters and opinions to complete his picture. He has tried to show the artist warts and all, and some of the forgotten warts are of interest, such as the early passionate enthusiasms for the works of W. J. Locke, F. W. Bain, E. F. Benson and Algernon Blackwood.

Many painters have to live down or react against family background. Paul Nash had nothing but encouragement from his father, and their relations show a touching record of mutual kindness and love. But his large and not easily grasped enemy was a solid and highly respectable upperish middle-class background—common enough and hardly ever to be lived down thoroughly by an English painter. His ways of dealing with this enemy were original. Slight dandyism in dress; the capacity to make an ordinary meal into what seemed like an intimate and memorable banquet; occasional overbearingness with business gents; small signs of swank that had an unswanky explanation, such as the carefully slung field-glasses that were used for judging form on the downs, only it was the form not of racehorses but of a long barrow, or of Wittenham Clumps from distant Boar's Hill—these were a few outward signs of his struggle to prove that an English painter can possess international standards and a lasting sense of quality. His guerilla-warfare with convention was one of his positive contributions to his own generation, and to the next. He helped to establish a new and different relationship between artist and public; an unarty relationship from which we have all profited. His personal wit that carried him through many trials and his endearing swagger and pose were bigger and braver symbols, and less common ones, than beards and too much to drink.

When he wrote in a letter, after temporary recovery from a serious attack at the end of his life, "by our side the old yeoman stock fought for us", he referred to this deep-set Englishness that produced all his toughness, and it was this too that allowed him to work hard against the tide of a long and distressing illness, and the setbacks of two wars. Instinctively, and this was another native sign, he thought in literary symbols rather than visual ones. He was not much influenced by literary fashions, nor even well-read in a conventional or up-to-date way, but he had a habit of choosing the nonsense in books, as well as in places, that suited his own nonsense for the time being. (He consistently misquoted his favourite lines of poetry, as if to get his own back on poets for having written what he himself might have written, only sooner). Nor was he widely travelled, for his illness made travel difficult; he knew, too, the time used up in waiting and watching while the eyes readjust themselves to the colours and forms of new countries, and he had no desire to be a holiday sketcher. But books and places were his sources—hardly ever people—and he used them systematically, translating them into his own special terms. He was not learned about the old masters, and not much influenced by them. Three English painters at various times absorbed him: Rossetti with his "disintegrating charm," whom he loved in early life and to whom he returned later when he felt strong enough in

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FABER AND FABER

his own convictions; Blake, whom he understood more profoundly than most people because he was, however haltingly and modestly, in the Blake line himself; and Turner. "In Turner's late work lies a great secret, I believe. I feel it is for me to look for it. Presumption only maybe, but I shall persist nevertheless, but how come at it." (1946—two months before he died.)

Like the Pre-Raphaelites, he had (here I think Mr. Bertram would disagree) no large formal grasp, no large-scale sense of design. These defects in a sense he turned into personal virtues, by deflecting the impact of the most powerful twentieth-century art from abroad, filtering it through an English sea-mist of grey pebble and dead leaf colours and adapting it to lyrical and imaginative ends. His work is without the angular over dramatisation of Nevinson and without the consciously un-English edginess and "punch" of Wyndham Lewis, and his water-colours at any rate must remain valid wherever English art at its best remains so, because they have all its traditional virtues but are of their own time. "All these are called Studies," he writes of a group of works of 1944:

> They are Studies in the sense that an étude by Chopin is a Study—at least they aspire to be—pieces complete in themselves *not* preliminary sketches. . .

This is a reminder to himself by an English lyrical artist. Constantly he had to lead himself back to his own starting-points. But those who thought that he was climbing on the latest bus—Cubism, *Abstraction-Création*, Surrealism—were later surprised to find that the influence of these had been only superficial, and that he was still basing his performance on the small natural truths that he had been discovering for years—the visual poetry of still waters and shut-in gardens, bleached grass and dried bark, stones and trees and flat foreshores, and the mysterious heightenings of tension these owe to effects of light, weather and age, or to the presence of other objects.

Mr. Bertram dwells on all these matters, quotes freely from the painter's own fluent writings and from those of his sympathetic friends and critics. He is consistently serious, and his human judgments are generous and shrewd. He is even a bit over-serious about some of the more forced and arbitrary symbols Paul Nash invented when his imagination flagged, and possibly a bit over-impressed by a few of the bigger, emptier paintings. But he will engage believers and convince some unbelievers—abroad, too, I hope—that there is no need to quarrel with Sir Herbert Read's remark, used as a title-page text: "Paul Nash's work will last because it has æsthetic integrity. It will be loved because it creates a world of harmony and magic. It will survive our poor attempts to explain its mystery."

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PUTNAM

The Tribe and the Crowd

Journey Down a Rainbow. By J. B. PRIESTLEY and JACQUETTA HAWKES. *Heinemann*. 18*s*.

Sunlight, when refracted by raindrops, produces a rainbow. This is one of Man's earliest symbols for the act of consciousness by which the subjective world is related to the objective one; so that the question of where the rainbow ends is not as childish as it may seem.

Where does the rainbow end? J. B. Priestley and Jacquetta Hawkes, on their journey through the American South-West, discovered two answers to this question. For the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico the rainbow is the path of the gods, and it ends in the other world; for the Americans living in the great cities of Texas it ends just round the corner in a city lot, and its other name is Progress. *Journey Down a Rainbow* is a kind of sporadic conversation or twin monologue, contrasting these two attitudes to life; contrasting, too, the authors themselves. Jacquetta Hawkes is a writer who delights in facts, even when she is at her most impressionistic, treating them with an alert patience as things in their own right. It was she, of course, who went to visit the Indians; and in her hands their life, already full of meaning, is given a convincing shape. But this exact and intimate approach hardly does when talking about American urban civilisation, which has no centre, nor is Mr. Priestley with his larger methods the man to use it. He is, besides, not a patient man: confronted by the monstrous—itself an impatient animal—his immediate reaction is to blow it up from behind, as one would a frog, and wait for the bang.

So the contrast is vivid, if not quite fair; though the unfairness, of course, points the moral of the book. The contrast amounts to this: on one side the city and the crowd, without roots or personal direction; on the other the tribe, a true organism, the product of a continuous history. The Pueblo Indians, indeed, go back some two thousand years, to the time when their ancestors lived in pit-dwellings. Later they took to living above ground, but the pit-dwellings remained as ceremonial chambers or *kivas*, "whose sacredness seems to lie halfway between that of a church and that of the most exclusive club in St. James's." At the bottom of the *kiva* is a small stone-lined hole representing the entrance to the underworld, while leading to the air above is a ladder of unhewn logs, the material form of the rainbow on which the gods walk.

The *kivas* are the men's preserve, at once club-room, council-room and the place where the masks of the ancestral spirits are housed. But women have their place, too, not only as guardians of tribal property but in religion, which is largely concerned with an Earth goddess and her powers. A dance that Jacquetta Hawkes witnessed, and skilfully describes, symbolically demonstrates this fact: the dancers, both men and women, moved in a repetitive four-fold pattern, beating their feet in a ceaseless downtread and so calling attention to the earth and not, as in paternalistic religions, to the sky. A Zuni ceremony, also described, celebrated the natural order of the world and man's place in it with greater freedom, for there the gods themselves appeared in masks to consecrate prayer-holes and bless the houses. But even this ceremony was not intended as spectacle, though a certain amount of pantomime was used: it showed forth meaning, a meaning of such power that crowds of tourists come to see it, recognising something which is absent from their own lives.

What is absent is the sense of personal relationship; this is Mr. Priestley's sane and warming theme, and the cause of his impatience. Infected by city-sickness he becomes disconsolate; he preaches—his sermons are good—and is angry; and if his anger sometimes spreads a little at the edges, it is generous and to the point. For the rainbow in America has become a street three thousand miles long, fenced in by hoardings, gas stations and eateries, with one end hardly distinguishable from the other; and even the underworld has been brought up to date. Pleasures, grossly over-organised, no longer make for relaxation but for a kind of ritual hysteria; the great social events have become the inventions and justification of that most terrifying of all machines, Publicity; nothing is thought to be really important unless it has happened somewhere else and been turned into News. Everything, in fact, has become Man's preserve. More than that, everything is now the preserve of men, who have made a world "so contemptuous and destructive of real feminine values that (the women) have to be heavily bribed to remain in it." The result has been the emergence of that dreadful spectre the American Matriarch, and her natural sister the strip-tease girl. How different from the home life of our own dear Queen! one thinks complacently. Yet, as Mr. Priestley points out, European civilisation cannot afford to sneer at America, being itself halfway along the same road; and if it had the money (and, of course, the energy) it would soon be as outrageously stupid, wasteful and empty-headed. At the moment, however, America is the great exponent of the Western Way of Life, and the best example of its dangers: the dangers of mass man, mass ignorance and mass communications.

And what is to be done about it? That is a personal matter, even if it involves appearing on TV.

FRANCIS HUXLEY

Bonar Law

The Unknown Prime Minister. The Life and Times of Andrew Bonar Law. By ROBERT BLAKE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 42*s*.

Bonar Law was as uninteresting a man as ever attained eminence in British public life. A conventional business man born in New Brunswick, he made money in iron in Glasgow, was elected to Parliament in middle age, and eventually became leader of the Tory Party. His success, and the important part that he played at one crucial moment in history, was due to his friendship with a thirty-year-old M.P., also Canadian in origin, who came to England having already made himself a millionaire by methods much resented by his fellow-countrymen. Max Aitken, later Lord Beaverbrook, found in Bonar Law an instrument to his hand; he pushed him up the ladder, until, to the astonishment of the angels, Bonar Law became, for a few months, Prime Minister. It should be added that in the course of this alliance, Lord Beaverbrook developed a deep and genuine affection for his friend, whose memory he has ever since attempted to keep before the public. His book, *Politicians and the War*, which dealt with the part he and Bonar Law played in depriving Asquith of the Premiership in December, 1916, still appears substantially truthful, and Mr. Blake's book, obviously also written under the inspiration of Lord Beaverbrook, weighs this story against the criticisms of Asquith's biographers.

Mr. Blake's book deserves to be taken seriously,

Paul Derval

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even though it has been advertised as if it were a detergent. He has not been mawkish about his hero, whose chief merits were a certain bluntness of speech, an excellent memory which enabled him to make long, informative speeches without notes, and a strict loyalty to his friends and party. No one could have been more conventional and less imaginative about each of the great party issues—land taxes, Home Rule, the House of Lords, the Coalition, or even about the sale of honours to undeserving rich men. He was contemptuous of those who craved for them —"make him a Duke if he wishes" is one of his few memorable remarks—but he did not change the system which became a scandal under Lloyd George.

Mr. Blake has two interesting constitutional issues to discuss. The first is the intrigue that got rid of Asquith. That the cumbersome Coalition Cabinet was losing the war in 1916 was obvious. If Britain was to scout all efforts at a compromise peace and adopt the policy of the knock-out blow, a small Cabinet, run by Lloyd George, was the only alternative to defeat. It is characteristic that at the height of this crisis Bonar Law called on Asquith on a Monday morning to find him unwilling to cut short a rubber of Bridge. It is also clear that Asquith finally ruled himself out of court by refusing to serve under any other Premier, even Balfour. He indignantly repudiated Lord Robert Cecil's suggestion that, at a moment of life and death for England, he would be doing the big thing if he would be willing to serve under Lloyd George. Asquith's poor showing, however, does not dispose of the charge that he was, ingeniously, and perhaps dishonestly, manœuvred out of office, mainly by Bonar Law, acting as Lord Beaverbrook's puppet.

The key question in this famous dispute was whether Bonar Law deceived Asquith about the attitude of the Unionist leaders who passed an oddly worded resolution calling for his resignation, but emphasising that they were not thereby supporting L.G.'s ambition to be Premier. Bonar Law had this resolution in his pocket when he went to see Asquith, but admits that he did not show it to him, though he declared that he had explained its substance to the Premier. Asquith certainly believed that he had been deceived. Mr. Blake asserts that Bonar Law's integrity was beyond question, and accepts his explanation that Asquith was so upset at the summons to resign that he did not fully appreciate the tenor of the Unionist resolution. I should be more convinced of this interpretation, were it not that Beaverbrook, who was closely advising Bonar Law on every move, was so anxious to get rid of Asquith that he had tried to get Bonar Law to return to his Conservative colleagues and persuade them to delete the unfavourable reference to Lloyd George.

After less than a year as Premier, Bonar Law developed an incurable cancer of the throat and was so ill that he could not advise the King. This created a situation for which there was no real precedent. Bonar Law's resignation left the party with two possible successors, Mr. Baldwin, an almost untried leader in the House of Commons, and Lord Curzon, a somewhat overtried, industrious, arrogant and extremely unpopular leader in the House of Lords. Everyone knows the story of how Curzon was summoned back to London (conferring imaginary bishoprics on his journey) only to be informed by Lord Stamfordham that the King had decided to appoint Baldwin. Frustrated of his life's ambition, the golden cup dashed from his lips, he cried in agony that the King had appointed a man of "the utmost insignificance." Mr. Blake is able to add some revealing and hitherto unpublished documents. In his difficulty, the King consulted Lord Balfour, whose decision against Curzon was decisive. But he had already received, through his secretaries, some most interesting advice. Sir Ronald Waterhouse, Bonar Law's private secretary, communicated to Lord Stamfordham, the King's principal private secretary, his views of what Bonar Law's opinion would have been about the succession, if he had tendered it. On the basis of his advice, Lord Stamfordham summarised the case for and against Baldwin and Curzon, very much to the disadvantage of the latter. It seems almost certain from the account Mr. Blake gives of this incident, that Sir Ronald misrepresented the views of Bonar Law, who had taken for granted that Curzon would be appointed. Waterhouse was, of course, wise in the advice that he tendered, but seems certainly to have departed from the truth in offering it. Curzon's unpopularity made it easier for him to be passed over, but the ground of Baldwin's appointment was, of course, the proper one that in this century a Premier in the Lords is impossible nonsense.

There are agreeable incidentals in this book. It is useful to have C. P. Scott's sage remarks about the errors that led to Lloyd George's fall in 1922. He explained that "all Prime Ministers suffer by suppression. Their friends do not tell them the truth; they tell them what they want to hear." He said that in this respect Lloyd George was like Asquith who "would not believe that there was any general movement on the Conservative side against him." There is a charming remark of Churchill, who explained that, unlike Joseph Chamberlain, Austen Chamberlain "always played the game and always lost it." I like, too, Balfour's observation about Walter Long: "the compliments which he pays to his opponents are the only features of his speeches I ever recall." One and only one remark of Bonar Law endears him to me. A wealthy hostess was entertaining him to a sumptuous dinner with many servants and a glittering display of glass and silver. A strike was on, and his hostess—clearly one of the "put them up against the wall and shoot them type"—asked him "What do these people really want?" Bonar Law replied, "Perhaps they want just a little of all this." But I cannot find that in any dispute he actually took the side of the working class.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

History as Parable

The Eastern Schism. By STEVEN RUNCIMAN. *Oxford.* 21*s.*

It may seem impertinent for a reviewer whose knowledge of history begins with the French Revolution to comment on a book about medieval Christendom. But Mr. Runciman has already secured a unanimous verdict from professional scholars: his great book on the Crusades has established him as our leading authority on the Byzantium of the middle ages. A general reader may therefore safely recommend this slighter book to others of his kind. Besides, the book embodies the Waynflete lectures given in Magdalen College in 1954; and I may take a proprietory pride in them. Lectures should entertain as well as instruct; and these lectures contain entertainment of a high kind. They are dry, detached, lacking the sparkle which Gibbon brought to the same subject; yet full of telling judgments as apposite to our day as to the time with which they deal. The theme is the great schism between the Orthodox Church and the Church of Rome, how it began, how it became permanent. Though packed with detail, they can be enjoyed by every reader who is vaguely aware that Rome and Constantinople existed—enjoyed simply as a story of fallible, well-meaning human beings, but enjoyed also as a parable for the present day. The World's Debate between Rome and Constantinople has become the Debate between Moscow and—shall we say?—Washington.

The two sides had a common background: both grew out of ancient Christendom, as both Russia and America are the children of nineteenth-century liberal capitalism. Both represented a high idea; and each was convinced that the other could be won over if the argument was

put convincingly enough. Yet in fact every debate between them deepened the differences. As Mr. Runciman says:

> Amongst the unhappy delusions of mankind is the belief that a dispute can be settled by a debate. The contrary is true; for neither side will admit defeat but instead will assemble more and more arguments to confound its opponents.

Even worse than a debate was a Crusade; for there can be no doubt that the attempt of Rome to reduce the Orthodox world by force did more than anything else to make the schism permanent. Indeed the Orthodox soon preferred the Turkish infidel to their fellow-Christians.

Others have suggested that we are the heirs of Rome, and the Communists of Byzantium. Mr. Runciman's book makes it clear that this is the reverse of the truth. For we are the modern Byzantines, and Moscow speaks with the voice of Rome. The Roman Church was totalitarian; it insisted on its unique authority and on its exclusive right to define doctrine. The Popes, too, were always inclined to rely on force and to weary of clever intellectual argument. The Byzantines could never have enough of it. Photius, one of their leaders, even invented a heresy for the sheer pleasure of seeing how his rival would deal with it. Besides the Byzantines practised Economy or, as we should call it, Tolerance. In Mr. Runciman's words, "the exercise of a little charity enables a good Christian to overlook discrepancies, so long as there is an atmosphere of mutual goodwill." How like us with our easygoing ways, our readiness to blur the edges of discussion and to believe in the other man's good faith! The Byzantines were the most admirable, civilised people. It is a privilege to be intellectually descended from them instead of from the ruthless, calculating, intolerant Popes. The story has a pressing contemporary moral. Neither side could hope to convert, still less to subdue, the other. The best thing was to leave each other alone and to hope that time would settle the issue. Rome and Byzantium could have remained in schism for ever, if the Turks had not broken in. Now Moscow and Washington will go on living in mutual disapproval for generations, unless the Chinese eat us all up.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Church and Chapel

D. H. Lawrence, Novelist. By F. R. LEAVIS. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

In the creeks of Tennessee it was a recent custom of rival Baptist and Methodist preachers, Bible in hand, to fight scriptural duels from the pulpit. Text answered text at point blank range. I have seen an elder marking up "the greatest book in the world" in critical blue pencil without removing his revolver from his belt before he settled to the tasks of piety. One wondered what the Great Subject Himself thought of these personalities. Manners appear not to be very different in the creeks of Cambridge when the Rev. F. R. Leavis gets into the pulpit and engages with the Rev. T. S. Eliot. The quarrel may be about the reputation of D. H. Lawrence, but underneath lies the splendid old English row between Church and Chapel. In this, I root for the Rev. F. R. Leavis and the Chapel cause because it is passionate, and I love it when he snarls that the Rev. T. S. Eliot was once a Unitarian and an American Unitarian at that—without, of course, telling us what he (the Rev. Leavis) once was, no doubt on the sound debating principle that it is only one's enemies who were once anything. Both contestants are, to use the Rev. Leavis's phrase, believers in the "severe corrective"; both are expert in the lofty, theological sneer. The Rev. Leavis is a single-minded critic who cannot get started until he has a personal devil to denounce. Scrupulosity is both his vice and virtue, but it does not operate in his relations with other critics. I have no experience of the amenities of university criticism in Cambridge;

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perhaps, there, it is the custom to wrench passages from their context and to stop short of the decisive and inconvenient line in a quotation, as I notice the Rev. Leavis does with a passage he quotes from an essay of mine on D. H. Lawrence. He does this, however, in a good cause: to show that he alone has understood and commended Lawrence, the novelist.

And it is true that when the wrangling preacher becomes the literary critic, Dr. Leavis writes admirably about D. H. Lawrence. He does not dwell too much on the personal D. H. Lawrence, the personal side being irresistible to malicious and shallow critics. These appear not to have re-read Lawrence since their clever youth. ("Never trust the artist: trust the tale.") He reads thoroughly and with a glowing attention to the text. He writes with dignity and percipience about the detail of the books he greatly admires: *The Rainbow*, *Women in Love*, *The Captain's Doll* and *St. Mawr*. He instantly detects the value of a disputed work like *Kangaroo* and he sees that the short stories are pre-eminent in our literature. He knows good Lawrence from bad, and what he says about Lawrence's attitude to sex and the perversity that haunts Lawrence's attitude, in his novels, to the relations of the sexes, is sensible; though somewhat at the cost of skipping the thing that has really caused all the trouble in this department. When, for example, we accuse Lawrence of lacking a sense of humour, we do not mean (as Dr. Leavis thinks we do) that he lacks a sense of comedy. We mean, sometimes, that Lawrence did not know when he was being comic; sometimes, that his descriptions of sexual health, ecstasy or sanity are embarrassingly congregational in the sense that *Onward Christian Soldiers* is. His characters take their pleasure strenuously like good old pagan monotheists out of the Bible, which is a credit to the Puritan gift for doing everything with argument. One can revere life—or even live it—while laughing or misbehaving. It was because Lawrence was so often inaptly serious that he was accused, falsely but very naturally, of preaching lust and not love; for as Sterne said, lust is the most serious as it is the most perfunctory of our passions. Lawrence also offended by the frequent and truculent theory that the middle classes were in some way inferior, as practitioners of love, to the working classes. It is quite correct to call him snobbish and guilty of sentimentality in this delusion.

The heart of Dr. Leavis's argument is that Lawrence was not crippled (as some have said he was) "by not having been brought up in the environment of a living and central tradition", but, on the contrary, belonged to a living tradition which contains the great Puritan figure of George Eliot. His English scene is very similar to hers; his understanding of our cumbrous class relations is comparable, and so is his moral sternness. Obedience is, as Dr. Leavis says, at the centre of his faith. One could add the important fact—I do not know whether Dr. Leavis would agree—that Lawrence appeared at a moment when this tradition was breaking; but that it was intensely educative, intelligent, living and impressive is unquestionable. Dr. Leavis is to be thanked for driving this point home with indignation, for Mr. Eliot's assertion that Lawrence was not intelligent and that he lacked "ratiocinative powers" because he was "insufficiently educated" springs from the bleak and narrow snobbery of a certain American highbrow tradition that, as far as English literature is concerned, is utterly out of touch with English life. D. H. Lawrence was an exceedingly intelligent man and an original genius; this does not mean that his arguments or didactic explorations were necessarily sound, but neither, of necessity, are those of the "educated." We do not require supreme or even conventional powers of ratiocination in our great novelists. Lawrence was a great egotist and a serene well-found rebel. He had too much spiritual pride for conveying the tragic sense of life, at any rate in his later work; in this he shared the injury of all his generation. The faculty of contemplation has had no chance in the last 40 years; the tragedies have destroyed the tragic sense; but no one who reads *The Rainbow* and Dr. Leavis's masterly exposition of it can deny that Lawrence had the seeds of the faculty when he was young.

The word "exploratory" is used frequently by Dr. Leavis to define Lawrence's mind and his methods. It is the right word and it includes Lawrence's own delightful gift of laughing self-knowledge which never falls into cynicism or clogs up into a dead end. The weight of his preaching and his incantations is easily borne by his genius. On this Dr. Leavis is very good:

> For *The Rainbow* exemplifies in a special way the peculiar Laurentian genius: the extraordinary power of the impersonalising intelligence to maintain, while the artist, in an intensely personal exploratory way, is actually living the experience that goes into the art, the conditions that make creative impersonality possible. When Lawrence started *The Rainbow* he knew that it was only by further living—not by mere further pondering of experiences already lived—that he could complete; he hadn't the end in his mind, already fully conceived. This meant that, in fact, he found himself faced later with a problem in art that he couldn't solve because he had grown into a more daunting perception of the problem in life; but it meant also that we have a great work that we shouldn't otherwise have had.

Twenty-five years after Lawrence's death, we have clearly seen that the exploratory nature of his genius was what gave vividness and significance to our dull, muddled society. His developing doctrine may not have been "the truth," but it contained an invigorating diagnosis. It restored dignity, indeed gave an inner Biblical splendour, to dull-seeming lives. He was the last writer to make England interesting to itself. It is the very great merit of Dr. Leavis that, if he is tortuous, he has felt this subject passionately and gone into it with care. I do not always agree with him but he is, like Lawrence, on the side of life, not of the waste land, and in this particular theological battle, so is the good old chapel.

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Alps and Elephants. By GAVIN DE BEER *Bles. 10s. 6d.*

Some years before the war, I remember an Alpine holiday being much enlivened by the reports, in local papers, of an American and his elephant who were following Hannibal's route across the Alps. The elephant was called Dolly; and halfway up the Great St. Bernard she developed corns, and had to complete the crossing ignominiously by lorry. But the real tragedy was that she should be on the Great St. Bernard at all; wherever Hannibal crossed—and people have been wrangling about it ever since Polybius and Livy wrote up the campaign—it was not there.

The search for the right pass used to be a favourite objective with serious-minded British travellers in the Alps, especially military gentlemen and classical scholars (though parsons often preferred to trace the route of the suffering Waldenses in their *Glorieuse Rentrée* of 1689). Such a one was General Melville, who entered so thoroughly into the spirit of the thing that he was found by a friend on the Splügen pass in 1775, muttering that "he could not get the elephants over that way."

Later travellers found the pleasure of following up Hannibal less stimulating than the pleasure of knocking down their rivals. Any poet, biographer or literary critic smarting from a brush with a reviewer's pen today should thank his lucky stars he has not written a book on Hannibal. "Incompetence and effrontery," "querulous complaints and crude rejoinders," "capable of such false argument, special pleading, sheer absurdity, and I am bound to add, specious statements"—these are some of the pretty phrases bandied about a Hannibal book published thirty years ago. The last phrase comes from Sir Gavin de Beer, whose new study should help to keep the controversy sizzling away for another thirty. But having proved that he can lay about him as well as the next expert, Sir Gavin gets down briskly to the evidence, and in nine brief, business-like chapters marches us up to the conclusion that Hannibal, elephants, mules, horses and men, crossed by the Col de Traversette, near Monte Viso in the Cottian Alps. He hammers home his points with the help of a number of special studies: textual criticism restores what Polybius really said; astronomy fills in the date of the setting of the Pleiades in 218 B.C.; philology supplies the earlier versions of place-names.

I have no pet theory to protect me from swallowing it all whole, or to provoke me to angry counterblast. The only point on which I feel qualified to raise a murmur is Sir Gavin's assertion (after proving that the climate was much the same then as now) that the snow-line is roughly at about 10,000 feet and that, as Hannibal crossed a snow pass, it must have been one of at least that height —which is right for the Col de Traversette but cuts out several other favourites. That is perfectly correct, in a normal year; but in a year of heavy spring snow fall, like 1955, snow was lying down to 8,000 feet in August, in places that are generally clear. And perhaps 218 B.C. was also a year of heavy spring falls, which would knock a prop away from under Sir Gavin's argument. But I fear that this is not a substantial enough correction to attract a barrage of "special pleading" and "sheer absurdity" in my direction: "incompetence and effrontery" is the most I can hope for.

This is a book for those who like historical puzzles, for those who like marching in the steps of great commanders and re-fighting campaigns; most of all it is for those who, disinterestedly, dearly love an intellectual row, and relish the spectacle of learned and ingenious men getting thoroughly worked up over such a question as to how many of the troops could have heard Hannibal when, from the pass, he pointed out the plains of Italy, two thousand years ago.

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ALLEN & UNWIN

A Selected List of Autumn and Winter Books

THE books listed below are a selection from those which are expected for publication between now and March, 1956. For reasons of space, we have had to leave out some titles announced for publication in this period, as they have already appeared in our selected list of last spring. Books already published are not included, even if we have not yet reviewed them, nor are reprints. Some prices are, of necessity, provisional.

Art and Architecture

STEPHEN BONE: Oil Painting. *Black.* 18*s.*
DOUGLAS COOPER: Toulouse-Lautrec. *Thames & Hudson.* 84*s.*
MAX ERNST: Beyond Painting. *Vision.* 32*s.*
G. W. FERGUSON: Signs and Symbols in Christian Art. *Zwemmer.* 70*s.*
F. GROSSMANN: Paintings of Breughel. *Phaidon.* 42*s.*
PATRICK HERON: Ivon Hitchens. *Penguin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
ROBERT MOTHERWELL (ed.): Dada Painters and Poets. *Vision.* 105*s.*
R. T. PAINE and A. SOPER: Art and Architecture of Japan. *Penguin.* 45*s.*
HERBERT READ: Icon and Idea. *Faber.* 42*s.*
A. E. RICHARDSON: Robert Mylne: Architect and Engineer. *Batsford.* 30*s.*

Autobiography, Memoirs, Letters

LEON EDEL (ed.): Selected Letters of Henry James. *Hart-Davis.* 16*s.*
GENERAL DE GAULLE: The Call to Honour. *Collins.* 18*s.*
NINA HAMNETT: Is She a Lady? *Wingate.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
NORMAN HARTNELL: Silver and Gold. *Evans.* 30*s.*
COUNT M. KAROLYI: Memoirs. *Cape.* 35*s.*
GEORGE LAMMING: Of Age and Innocence. *Michael Joseph.* 15*s.*
WALTER LORD (ed.): The Fremantle Diary. *Deutsch.* 21*s.*
B. P. MCCARTHY (ed.): Elizabeth Barrett to Mr. Boyd. *Murray.* 35*s.*
J. E. NORTON (ed.): The Letters of Edward Gibbon. *Cassell.* 3 vols. 168*s.*
VLADIMIR AND EVDIKOA PETROV: The Empire of Fear. *Deutsch.* 18*s.*
MARCEL PROUST (ed. GEORGE PAINTER): Correspondance Avec Sa Mère. *Rider.* 16*s.*
PETER WILDEBLOOD: Against the Law. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 15*s.*
EARL WINTERTON: Fifty Tumultuous Years. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

Biography

F. S. BOAS: Sir Philip Sidney. *Staples.* 15*s.*
CHARLES CARRINGTON: Rudyard Kipling. *Macmillan.* 25*s.*
JAMES L. CLIFFORD: Young Samuel Johnson. *Heinemann.* 30*s.*
MARGARET CROMPTON: Passionate Search: Charlotte Brontë. *Cassell.* 21*s.*
CONSTANTIN DE GRÜNWALD: Peter the Great. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 18*s.*
O. W HEWETT: Strawberry Fair: Frances Countess Waldegrave. *Murray.* 18*s.*
W. T. HILL: Octavia Hill. *Hutchinson.* 16*s.*
T. H. JOHNSON: Emily Dickinson. *Oxford.* 40*s.*
ERIC LINKLATER: The Ultimate Viking. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*
ANDRÉ MAUROIS: Victor Hugo. *Cape.* 30*s.*
THOR NIELSEN: The Zeppelin Story. *Wingate.* 17*s.* 6*d.*
R. T. PETERSSON: Kenelm Digby. *Cape.* 30*s.*
J. H. PLUMB: Sir Robert Walpole: Vol. I. *Cresset.* Unpriced.
JAMES POPE-HENNESSY: Lord Crewe: The Likeness of a Liberal. *Constable.* 21*s.*
HENRY T. F. RHODES: Alphonse Bertillon. *Harrap.* 15*s.*
V. SACKVILLE-WEST: Daughters of France. *Michael Joseph.* 15*s.*
AILEEN SMILES: A Grand Outing. *Hale.* 21*s.*
MONICA SUTHERLAND: Louis XIV and Marie Mancini. *Cape.* 16*s.*
JULIAN SYMONS: Horatio Bottomley. *Cresset.* 21*s.*
AYLMER VALLANCE: The Summer King: Theodore I of Corsica. *Thames & Hudson.* 15*s.*
DAVID HARRIS WILLSON: King James VI and I. *Cape.* 30*s.*
SIR RONALD WINGATE: Wingate of the Sudan. *Murray.* 21*s.*
SIR EVELYN WRENCH: Geoffrey Dawson and Our Times. *Hutchinson.* 25*s.*

Criticism and Essays

WALTER ALLEN: Voices and Visions. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
JOCELYN BROOKE: The Dog at Clambercrown. *Bodley Head.* 18*s.*
RICHARD CHASE: Walt Whitman Reconsidered. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*
EVELYN HARDY (ed.): Thomas Hardy's Notebooks. *Hogarth.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
HUMPHRY HOUSE: All in Due Time. *Hart-Davis.* 15*s.*
HUGH KENNER: Dublin's Joyce. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*
W. P. KER: (ed. JAMES SUTHERLAND AND TERENCE SPENCER): On Modern Literature. *Oxford.* 35*s.*
ARTHUR KOESTLER: The Trail of the Dinosaur. *Collins.* 15*s.*
D. H. LAWRENCE: (ed. ANTHONY BEAL): Selected Literary Criticism. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*
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J. B. TREND: Lorca and the Spanish Poetic Tradition. *Blackwell.* 25*s.*
G. H. VALLINS: The Pattern of English. *Deutsch.* 15*s.*

Fiction

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VISSARION BELINSKY, "the father of the Russian intelligentsia," has suffered a peculiar fate. For a decade after his death his name could not be mentioned within the confines of the Russian Empire without fear of reprisals. At the end of this period, and until the revolution of 1917, his literary views could be—and were—freely discussed, but his social and political opinions could be referred to only in a cautious and circumspect manner. After the revolution he was declared to be a precursor of Marxism, and all criticism of him became heretical and politically unwise. Since the Thirties his figure has been all but buried in his native country beneath a mountain of unreadable and semi-literate official Communist patter. Yet he deserves a better fate. For he is, by any standards, a great European critic.

He was born and brought up in penury in a remote provincial town, expelled from the University of Moscow for political radicalism and perhaps for lack of systematic knowledge, self-taught and tormented all his life by an acute sense of social and intellectual inferiority in the company of the gay, well-born, rich, self-confident and strikingly gifted young intellectuals who befriended him, condemned to earn his livelihood by endless hours of literary drudgery. Ugly, asthmatic, shy, quick to take offence, giving himself too easily to people and causes only to suffer inevitable shame and humiliation, Belinsky dominated the Russian literary world of his time, and, more than any other single person, transformed Russian critical and creative writing in the second half of the nineteenth century. He wrote no major works; all that he did he did in haste, at the last moment, to meet the demands of editors and publishers, some of whom exploited him mercilessly. He wrote awkwardly, in difficult and shapeless sentences, without correcting, in a perpetual battle with the censorship. He sometimes talked nonsense, made blunders, and infuriated contemporary (and many later) Russian critics by the dogmatism, blindness and occasional ignorance and extravagance of his views. But what was plain for all to see, both in his lifetime and after, was that his attitude was in some way novel; that he had something to say; that he spoke with a degree of seriousness and a depth of feeling and moral force unique in any period. Books, and the personalities and ideas of writers, were to him crucially important. All writing—whether creative or critical—was for him the most dedicated and responsible task a human being could undertake, for the sole purpose of it was to tell the truth to others, which only those who were demonstrably incorruptible, both morally and intellectually, could be expected to attain; with the, for him, clear corollary that there exists no definable region of experience, called art, in which those who in other departments of their lives may be engaged in falsehood or moral compromise, can, nevertheless (because art is not life), create masterpieces beyond the range of ethical judgment.

Belinsky's deepest concern, like that of most Russian writers of his own and later times, was personal and moral. He wished to discover how to live, what to do and what to believe, and he sought in literature the revelation that others had found in metaphysics or religion. His passion for literary quality was overwhelming, but it was not primarily æsthetic. With appalling absorption and directness he asked of every work and every writer what it was exactly that was being said: with what purpose; out of what inner impulse; what kind of world did it—or its creator—inhabit or bring into existence. Every work (and every writer) for him possesses a nodal point—a centre of moral gravity—whence alone all other properties can be determined. Only after this (as he believed) act of objective analysis has been accomplished, can one ask whether what has been said is genuine or counterfeit, and why, and in what degree. Is the story, the situation, are the characters of the novel, the tragedy, the biography, so constructed as to present the play of life—with which alone creative art is concerned—in its fullest complexity and depth? Or has the writer deliberately left something out, evaded the central problem, betrayed his vision to serve some external, didactic or mercenary purpose, forced it into some preconceived metaphysical or æsthetic or, worse still, political pattern, prostituted his gifts and his feelings, inflated his words, and failed out of cowardice or stupidity, or out of sentimentality or lack of patience or of integrity, or simply from lack of talent? And has this led him to sin against his sacred calling—the creation of the most beautiful objects, the discovery and incarnation of the truth as fully and vividly as possible?

Belinsky applied these canons to Shakespeare, whom he worshipped; to Pushkin, whose unique domination over Russian national life he did more than any man to establish in eleven celebrated essays, written in haste and at times badly, but as moving and original today as on their first appearance more than a century ago; to Gogol, whose genius he celebrated and alternately illuminated and misrepresented; to Lermontov whom he understood and supported during the darkest period of his short and turbulent life; to Dostoevsky, whom he discovered, recognised at once as a writer of the first magnitude and then derided and abandoned (but then Belinsky died in 1848); to Turgenev and Goncharov whom he encouraged in their earliest beginnings. And in the course of this day-to-day journalism he invented the particular type of social criticism which played a vital role not merely in Russian literary history but in the unique development of Russian political ideas. Indeed the principles and ideals with which Belinsky's life and being—his habits, his physical appearance—were identified, became central in the conception of the liberal intellectual in Russia until his liquidation by the revolution.

Mr. Bowman, in the course of his carefully written, lucid, modest and well-documented thesis,* rightly stresses this, the ideological aspect of Belinsky's literary activity. The type of social criticism which Belinsky created, influenced though it was by German romantic writers, consisted not in the search for ideal types of human character or situation, distilled quintessences against which actual persons and events in history can be measured, and in terms of which they can be classified; nor yet in didactic exercises, although both these elements are to be found in his work, and the latter has been exaggerated and travestied in Soviet accounts of his aims and influence. It consisted rather in an impassioned anti-æsthetic and anti-theological humanism, in the final rejection of all frontiers between art and life, and in particular of the view that the work of art can—or worse still, should—be examined as an object in and for itself, an artefact with a life and a value independent of its creator. He remained altogether out of sympathy with the mounting protest (at any rate in the West) against the confusion of moral, æsthetic and social categories. On the contrary, particularly in his last phase, Belinsky saw in literature not words, nor patterns, nor manifestations of individual skill or intellect or imagination or will-power, but the expression of the life of specific association of human beings in various stages of material and spiritual development, life in which one came face to face with individuals with directly perceptible temperaments, motives, activities, seeking to be something, to communicate something, and, if they were alive and not dead, struggling and suffering to achieve this.

For Belinsky to understand the quality, the style of a work of art, was to hear a voice—that of an individual or a group or an entire society (this is how he interpreted Schelling and Hegel to himself, both when he accepted and when he repudiated them). Unless one hears this voice one cannot begin to understand an individual or a process of thought or a form of life; neither understand nor assess nor live through it. And unless the experience was lived through with the agonised intensity with which Belinsky did himself "live through" the poetry of Schiller or Goethe or Pushkin, or the philosophical ideas of Fichte or Hegel, one remained deaf and blind, outside the process of creation. Criticism was to Belinsky unthinkable without an attempt, fraught with the utmost difficulty, calling for the completest possible self-obliteration on the part of the critic, to experience within oneself an alien structure of life, the inner vision, almost the nervous organisation of another—of the creative artist. Criticism was not contemplation, certainly it was not merely designed to give pleasure, least of all was it a formal or technical craft or skill. It was rather an act of painful self-adjustment to unfamiliar ideas, of attempting to inhabit a world created by another imagination. Without this all interpretation remained external and dead.

What the critic sees he must tell. Literature is first and foremost an activity of human beings, and nothing that affects their lives can, in principle, be alien to him. The critic is under no obligation to emphasise the social aspects of works of art or their psychological effect or moral content at the expense of their æsthetic

* *Vissarion Belinski.* By HERBERT E. BOWMAN. (*Oxford: for Harvard University Press.* 34*s.*)

qualities; nor to concentrate upon ideas which may be embodied in them at the expense of their modes of expression or their form or texture, or the methods by which they are made. The critic's only duty is to tell the truth. And since these social factors are, in fact, vital to a given work of art, the critic has no choice but to analyse them, and, if need be, judge them, in terms of the society whose voice the artist must of necessity claim to be (this romantic notion is at the heart of all that Belinsky says). Works of art are not made of words, colours, sounds, but in some sense always with ideas and feelings and volitions; and if these are shallow and false, the work of art will not remain unaffected. To pretend that it is independent and "objective" is self-deception, a perverse denial of the truth for the sake of a false æsthetic theory, false because it denies the light by which human beings in fact live (whether they admit it or not) for the sake of a preconceived distinction between life and thought, life and art. And this seemed to Belinsky false or frivolous, or both.

This preoccupation with moral issues did, of course, at times lead to absurdities. Belinsky's disparagement of medieval literature in general and of the *Divine Comedy* in particular; or his dislike for one of Pushkin's greatest masterpieces —*The Bronze Horseman*—because of its "amoral" outlook, sprang from a fierce humanist bias which at times made him strike out blindly. But in his case this was almost always, in the end, compensated by his passionate instinctive love of poetry in all its manifestations; his exquisite natural taste; his complete freedom from all philistinism, pedantry, personal vanity, which after his infatuation with a particular system of ideas was over, invariably opened his eyes and induced shame and self-accusation. His depth, his sincerity and his inability to cling to anything which he did not feel as well as believe to be true, no matter against what authority, saved him always—but not, alas, his disciples—from moralism or falsification in the name of abstract principles. The intensity and authenticity of his effort to discover the truth breaks through the diffuse and heavy prose, and directly affects his reader, particularly in his letters, the most moving in Russian literature, beside which the great letters of the West—Byron's or Flaubert's—seem coldly contrived. This capacity for vivid, painfully truthful, emotionally unexaggerated self-revelation and not his critical or moral theories, however profoundly believed, however characteristic of his class or age, is what marks him a critic of genius.

Belinsky remains at once the most representative and the most arresting figure in the history of the Russian intelligentsia. Turgenev, who knew and understood him, said that he lived near the heart of the life of his nation, and felt and gave voice to the deepest issues that agitated the Russian society of his time more unforgettably than subtler but more peripheral writers.

Because he committed himself too much and too often, Belinsky (like Rousseau) to this day excites the most violent opposition and the blindest devotion. His life and work remain the strongest single intellectual influence (not excluding Marxism) upon the evolution of ideas which culminated in the overthrow of the Czarist regime. It is a strange irony of fate that this uncouth and undisciplined man, the violent opponent of all orthodoxy and regimentation, tormented by doubts all his life, restlessly moving from one intellectual obsession to another, each time with a passionate hope that he had found the truth at last, and in the end, painfully liberating himself from it; perpetually stumbling and falling and rising again, caring ultimately only for individual liberty, secular education, truth and free speech; dedicated to an unending battle against the arbitrary use of power and the despotism of the cut-and-dried systems of the Western ideologies; that this spontaneous, independent, morally uncompromising *homme révolté* who was incapable of cheating either himself or others and, therefore, quarrelled with both Right and Left in turn, should today be worshipped as one of the four patron saints of the Soviet State philosophy. Although he died over a century ago, the furious voice is audible still, a menace to every established faith.

ISAIAH BERLIN

Looking at History

The Making of the English Landscape. By W. G. HOSKINS. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 25*s.*

Except on moors and mountains, the English landscape is a work of applied art: it is nature well dressed. Pasture and hedge are as artificial as a field of corn or a haystack, and a lane is as much the work of man as a runway. Mr. W. G. Hoskins's book is an account of the historical processes that have caused things to look as they do. He is as interested in the appearance of towns and villages as in the country scene; and as the first don appointed to teach local history at an English university, he is warmly attached in his historical thinking to particular objects: the Celtic fields at Porthmeor, the sunken lane between Saxon boundary banks at Thorverton, the forty houses packed in a totally enclosed court in Nottingham.

Mr. Hoskins has devised *The Making of the English Landscape* as an introductory volume to a series of county histories centred upon the visual theme. But the brilliant teacher holds the editor in check in the sense that his aim is clearly to enable the reader to do without a guide and detect his local history for himself. The tools are provided in a series of typical details connected by a swiftly moving account of the social changes that brought them into being and each of them illustrated by a fully annotated photograph or plan.

No doubt everyone will be as eager to begin field-work as I was: in my own village of Childe Okeford I find I must leave aside for future verification the apparently medieval enclosures in banked hedges approached by winding lanes, but I was able to confirm that the thin, straight hedges of the fields below the road to Fontmell Parva were the work of a parliamentary enclosure that is still talked of with resentment by old men who remember hearing about it from their fathers; and I discovered that the hundred-acre water-meadow called Nutmead is still farmed as an open field in the Saxon manner by nine owners under the jurisdiction of an elected hayward.

This is one of those rare books that can produce a permanent and delightful enlargement of consciousness. But I hope later volumes in the series will be free from the suggestion that we should use history as a cave-shelter from the contemporary world. While we may or may not agree with Mr. Hoskins that nothing in England is uglier than an airfield or an arterial road, such injunctions as "to forget the noisy onward march of science and to settle down to meditate on the civilised past" seem really dangerous. It may be that the chance of having read this book in the United States of America made me unusually sensitive about the English pleasure of living in the past.

A more liberal attitude to our time was shown me twenty-eight years ago in a suburb of Dorchester by an old gentleman whose name and face I knew though I had not been introduced to him. He asked me if I admired the pylons of the beam radio station in the landscape of Fordington Fields. I told him I did.

"So do I, my boy," he said. "They are good architecture; I should not have liked them if they weren't."

Is it too much to hope that historians should view the present with the open eye of Thomas Hardy?

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

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The Mirror of Art. By CHARLES BAUDELAIRE. Translated by JONATHAN MAYNE. *Phaidon.* 18*s.*

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Delacroix, who was the inspiration of nearly all the art criticism that Baudelaire wrote, replied in his journal: "Criticism follows the works of the mind as the shadow follows the body."

Yet it is everything that lies behind this asking that makes Baudelaire so important an art critic. Behind all creative criticism—as opposed to technical or biographical analysis—there is doubt and a tragic contradiction. I do not mean the trivial idea that the critic is personally a disappointed artist, but that *great* creative criticism only occurs when a hope, a theory of art promises more than the practice of it, when the writer has a vision of art in his mind which no painting, nor poem, nor song, can altogether equal in largeness, generosity, brilliance.

In all great criticism one finds the vision of a New State, and yet not a brick laid towards directly building it. And because the critic is constantly dealing with other men's practical efforts, he sees very clearly this contradiction in his own work. If he has so much imagination and energy, why does he not preserve it for his own actual creations? Or, if he must write criticism, why is he not content to remain a technical teacher and interpreter? Why, with all insight, try to lift the second rate into the first rank, or tilt at the false, who will collapse anyway), the straw coming out of their seams? Why, if he seeks to improve the condition of man, write about art instead of God or politics?

These questions appear between every line of the art theories of Tolstoi, Ruskin, Baudelaire, Morris—all of whom were born within fifteen years of one another. Each was a man of intense conscience; each, pincered between the hopes and corruptions of the nineteenth century (no such critics existed before), was forced to be a prophet who used the idea of Art, because it was the most obvious, noble constant of all history, as the field in which to build his individual vision of a better future. Art itself became an image, a metaphor, grander than any they could find in their own lives and so use in their own creative works. For them criticism became the shadow *preceding* the body.

When once this has been understood it is clearly stupid to read such critics as simple commentators and to judge their worth on the accuracy of their assessment of particular artists. Indeed they all made colossal and naive mistakes. (All this too applies to Roger Fry although he was a lesser man than the others because his vision of the future was softened by the connoisseur in him—the connoisseur can only savour

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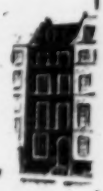

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the past and the present.) What one must look for is the truth and profundity of their generalisations, which for them were not generalisations made in after-dinner comfort with an easy sweep of the hand, but were the most precise statements possible about their deeply imaginative, thoughtful wrestling to construct a pattern and an aim out of what they knew of the past, could feel in the present and could hope for in the future. Their suffering and their struggles were not like those of the artist who is dissatisfied with a particular materialisation of his general experience. For them the struggle was the other way round; out of what oppressed and inspired them so precisely, they could only make an apparently imprecise, general statement. They had to try to give to words like *Beauty* all the warmth and sharpness of flesh.

Baudelaire's vision, as is well known, was a romantic, reactionary, aristocratic one. His hero was the Dandy: the fastidious man of taste who, unlike the bourgeoisie prattling of everything, hid the inferno of his experience and the breadth of his sympathies behind an immaculate, disdainful manner. Obviously, therefore, one does not expect Baudelaire's truths to shed much light on the directly social or democratic aspects of art. What he understood and where he laid his plans for a New State was in the workings of the creative imagination. And because the European artist is fundamentally in the same position today as he was a hundred years ago, much of what he wrote might have been written this week.

> Doubt, or the absence of faith and of *naïveté*, is a vice peculiar to this age, for today no one is obedient, and *naïveté*, which means the dominion of temperament within manner, is a divine privilege which almost all are without.
>
> Few men have a right to rule, for few men have an overwhelming passion. And as everyone today wants to rule, no one knows how to govern himself.
>
> Individuality—that little *place of one's own*—has devoured collective originality.
>
> An eclectic is a ship which tries to sail before all four winds at once.
>
> Imagination is the queen of truth, and the *possible* is one of the provinces of truth. It has a positive relationship with the infinite.
>
> These things, because they are false, are infinitely closer to the truth; whereas the majority of our landscape-painters are liars, precisely because they have neglected to lie.

Compare this with Picasso's remark:

> We now know that art is not the truth. Art is a lie enabling us to approach the truth. It is up to the artist to find means of convincing the public of the truth of his lie.

I could quote much more in the same vein, but in order to convey the full character of this book, which consists of the first English translation of Baudelaire's reviews of the Salons of 1845, '46 and '59, and his essays on Laughter, Caricaturists and the Life and Work of Delacroix, it is necessary to point out that Baudelaire had a considerable understanding of the technique of painting: "For colourists, who seek to imitate the eternal throbbings of nature, lines are never anything else but the intimate fusion of two colours, as in the rainbow."

I have not read these essays in French but the translation by Mr. Mayne reads as easily as his Introduction reads intelligently. The book is completed by 68 reproductions—many of them of forgotten paintings referred to in the text. It is an indispensable volume for anyone who wants to increase his knowledge of Baudelaire himself, Delacroix, nineteenth-century French culture, and the nature—then and now—of the artist's exile.

JOHN BERGER

In Dick Hannay's Footsteps

The Enormous Shadow. By ROBERT HARLING. *Chatto & Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Kumari. By WILLIAM BUCHAN. *Duckworth.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Harling's timing has been impeccable. On the heels of the Missing Diplomats' White Paper he has presented us with a spy story in the Buchan tradition, a book that ranks with the best work of our more contemporary Buchans—Mr. Eric Ambler, Mr. Geoffrey Household and Mr. S. B. Hough. The publisher's blurb calls his book a "psychological thriller," but this, I fear, is a misnomer. There is very little psychology in *The Enormous Shadow*—if there were Mr. Harling could hardly sustain his tremendous pace. There is, for example, little discussion of the motives that drive men towards Communism or turn them into spies and traitors. No one has done this so well as Mr. Hough, whose *Moment of Decision* is one of the few English novels of our time that can genuinely be called metaphysical. The psychology of the ideologue is not Mr. Harling's line of country. What he brings to the novel is a powerful gift for narrative, a brilliant sense of climax and a sharp awareness of the world that his characters inhabit. (This last is the rarest quality in the English novel at present.) He is that odd man out among writers, the extrovert intellectual.

Buchan, as Mr. Graham Greene has pointed out in his book of essays, *The Lost Childhood*, was

> the first to realise the enormous dramatic value of adventure in unfamiliar surroundings happening to unadventurous men. Members of Parliament and members of the Athenæum, lawyers and barristers, business-men and minor peers.

When Edward Leithen, the staid K.C., runs "like a thief in a London thoroughfare on a June afternoon," he sees "how thin is the protection of civilisation. An accident or a bogus ambulance—a false charge and a bogus arrest—there were a dozen ways of spiriting one out of this gay and bustling world." Mr. Harling's surround is a newspaper office and his hero, the columnist Matthew Ward, has been the subject of two previous adventures. Though Ward's paper has an obvious kinship to the *Daily Express*, I have always felt that he himself has really strayed out of the *News Chronicle* stable and is masquerading under a false editorial banner. His former news editor, the elephantine, amiable, malicious Wensley, is now Editor-in-Chief. It is he who starts Ward off on his strange assignment.

This is the last kind of novel in which a *précis* of plot is desirable, and I will only say that Ward's adventures are tied up with an M.P. and an atomic scientist, and involve the timetable of Tower Bridge. Mr. Harling has Buchan's trick—a trick that Buchan learned from *Kidnapped*—of holding the reader in suspense by alternately accelerating or decreasing the momentum of his narrative. He keeps his hero glued to his quarry through a pair of binoculars for the whole of a wet, misty Saturday and then, just when we are momentarily off our guard, sounds the view halloo and sends his readers scampering in pursuit like bloodhounds off the leash. It is one of the qualities that have helped to immortalise Alan Breck and David Balfour in their race through the heather.

The Enormous Shadow is first-rate entertainment and a considerable improvement on Mr. Harling's two earlier novels, good though these were. The aggressive masculinity of his newspapermen is not this time so much to the fore. But if I have dwelt at length on this book it is because of the sense of awareness that I mentioned earlier. Mr. Harling does know his world. The whole range of his social observation—politicians, professors, policemen, journalists—is precise and convincing. In a branch of literature where writers are tending less and less to use their eyes and ears, such objectivity is bracing.

Though Buchan was an ardent champion of the Commonwealth, he left British India unworked as a theme in his fiction. His son, Mr. William Buchan, has now made handsome amends for this neglect. He has written a rich, romantic tragi-comedy of life in pre-war Calcutta, perfumed with canna and saffron, heavy with nostalgia, lush as a ripened mango. Mr. Buchan's book is badly constructed, his hero is something of a stick and he is inclined to let his other characters fizzle dazzlingly against the darkness of the Maidan and then extinguish them with the speed of Roman candles. Yet in his chief aim—to communicate the excitement of the East, of the world's strangest city especially—he succeeds admirably. And his defence of the Raj sounds a note that we have heard many times in the conversations of Hannay and Clanroyden:

> . . . And look what the best of them were after—for every brute and scrounger there were a couple of devoted humanitarians, idealists of the deepest dye. And not-rigs, either, not in the best days, anyway: they felt—you've only got to read a few of those books over there—oh, I don't know what in the way of a sense of privilege, of having colossal luck to be in the country, doing a job, at all. Wrongly dressed, wrongly informed, with minus-nothing in the way of backing from home, a tiny handful surrounded by millions, mostly hostile, sustained by God knows what little bonfires of energy. . . .

One is reminded of Max's famous cartoon depicting an encounter between H. B. Irving and the young Winston Churchill, on his way to the Commons. "Going to make a speech, dear boy? Why not one of your father's?"

JOHN RAYMOND

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,337

Set by Pibwob

Readers are invited to compose the Battle Song of a book borrower. Limit 16 lines. Entries by October 18.

Result of No. 1,334

Set by Hilary

The dialogue form of advertisement, long popular with manufacturers of lime juice and night-caps, has not yet been adopted by publishing houses. Competitors are invited to submit imaginary conversations (limit 150 words), intended to stimulate the reader into buying the publisher's latest offering.

Report

It had, I discovered too late, been done before. In a July number of the *Bookseller*, the publishers of *The Statesman's Year-Book* produced an admirable strip cartoon advertisement entitled *Facts of Life*. The scene is the House of Commons after what looks like an all-night session. The dialogue goes as follows:

"Young Hardacre really should learn to check his facts."

(*Later, in the Chief Whip's office*): "You should never make a speech like that without consulting *The Statesman's Year-Book*."

So every night: (The picture shows the young M.P. hard at work with his typewriter and *The S.Y.B.*)

". . . and, may I say, exports from the U.K. to Ethiopia in 1954 amounted to £2,154,729."

"Young Hardacre certainly has it all at his fingertips *these* days."

Thinks: "Thanks to *The Statesman's Year-Book*."

Many of our own entrants achieved equally happy results. In this conversational nugget Laura Del-Rivo hits off just what was required.

I know you are fastidious about Personal Freshness, but are you always particular about . . . er . . . That Smallest Room?

What do you mean?

Your intellect. You see, our brains are little rooms, furnished with hundreds of cells. If these cells tire, our thought becomes jaded, unoriginal.

Most competitors, however, preferred to weave arabesques on the Wooster pattern:

Heavens, Juggins, I'm knocked sideways! Lady Smashing invites me to dine on Wednesday—dear old bird, lovely daughters, wonderful food—but there's a snag. She's so brainy! What do I talk about?

Mrs. N. Gunter rang the changes amusingly on Sherlock Holmes's Print-Starvation ("I cannot concentrate, Watson, not even on my violin playing"), D. H. M. Cook did a good piece of copywriting for *Love in the U-Class*. Both are highly commended. Tom Haggitt and L. G. Udall tie for a prize of two guineas each, Austin Baker gets a guinea and S. A. Cooper and Laura Del-Rivo ten and sixpence each.

FROM A STRETCHER BEARER'S CASE BOOK

"Casualty ward 'Arry?"

"Yus Fred!"

"Wheel 'im in chum! Annuver 'Amlet?"

"Yus. Fell dahn an open man'ole."

"That's four man'oles!"

"Yus. Wonder they don't keep their eyes open!"

"This 'ow yer fahnd 'im?"

"Yus. Like the rest of 'em. Book still in 'is 'and."

"Must be a good book!"

"Yus. It's that new Sob and Wailes book *The Crêpe Foot Clinger*.

"Fair taken the place by storm it 'as! Smashing value for 10*s*. 6*d*.!"

"People can't seem to leave it alone once they start to read it."

"Let's 'ave a look. Mmm . . . Mmmm. . . ."

"'Ere Fred, don't read it now. Hi FRED! FRED!!! mind that door!"

"Oh blimey! Annuver one!"

Of course the casualties will revive, if only to complete their reading of this fascinating book. Harry is right. People simply cannot put down Sob and Wailes publications. So, dear readers, please read this book . . . AT HOME!

TOM HAGGITT

"Whence this *Gemütlichkeit*, old boy?
Has the old *Zeitgeist* got rid of its *Weltschmerz*?"

"Not *exactly* but I think, in some respects, *some* of us are on the way to *Zufriedenheit*."

"Aha, and I thought you were a bachelor for life! Goodbye to the old snuggery."

"Not Shavian likely! *My* little *Tröstenlager* is more *verführerisch* than ever."

"Oh, come now. . . ."

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"You've got something there, where's my pen *Auf wiedersehen*."

L. G. UDALL

WHACKO, JUDKINS!

"Your face bears a look of rapt contemplation, Judkins. What is that book?"

"*Two and a Half Fathoms Down*, sir. The Ashmole Foot's latest publication. Captain Jacques Soutien-Gorge tells how he spent three years recovering four thousand Etruscan salt cellars from the bed of the Mediterranean."

"Imagination boggles, Judkins. I remember buying his previous book on St. Pancras Station. I was totally unconscious of my surroundings until the train arrived at Manchester."

"And you will recall, sir, that your intended destination was St. Albans. This is equally fascinating, sir. It has been chosen as The Book-of-the-first-half-of-this-Week by the Aqualung Society, and is undoubtedly a bargain at one guinea."

"Your eloquence has convinced me, Judkins. Can you get me a copy?"

"I will take my tricycle at once, sir, and obtain one from Miss Trimble's in the village."

"Whacko, Judkins!"

AUSTIN BAKER

(*After the college debate*)

"Don't you want to see me home, Adrian?"

"Well—I'd like to, Moira, but it's right out of my way."

(*At home*)

"Jennifer, Adrian's purposely *avoiding* me, and—oh, I've never felt so *miserable!*"

"Well, Moira, as we're such old friends, do you mind my speaking quite frankly?"

"I'll do *anything* to bring him back to me!"

"You see, Moira, it's mental *freshness* that's so important. Why not just give Descerveaux-Hochgeist's latest work a *try?* It cleanses every pore of the mind from all that Euclidean waste matter."

(*A week later*)

"Moira, dearest, let's—er—let's be each other's *permanent* exponential integral!"

(*Moira thinks*)

"Thank heaven I ordered my copy of *Metamathematical Cosmogony* in time!"

S. A. COOPER

The Chess Board

No. 314 One up for Bedlam?

When I first came to Hollywood a wise man told me: "If you want to get on here you don't *have* to be crazy, but it helps." I was reminded of that useful advice when, the other day, I came across the score of a game published in *The Field* just over 70 years ago: a correspondence game alleged to have been played from 1883-85 and duly lost by Cambridge University (White) against the inmates of the Bethlehem Hospital, better known as Bedlam. Here it is.

(1)	P-K4	P-QB4	(14)	B-Q3	K-R1
(2)	Kt-QB3	P-K3	(15)	Q-R5	P-B4
(3)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(16)	Kt-K2	Q-Q3
(4)	P-Q4	P x P	(17)	Kt-Q4	Q-R4
(5)	Kt x P	B-Kt5	(18)	Kt-B3	Q-Kt2
(6)	KKt-Kt5	Kt-B3	(19)	Kt-R4	R-KKt1
(7)	P-QR3	B x Kt ch.	(20)	P-KKt3	Q-B3
(8)	Kt x B	P-Q4	(21)	P-KB4	R-Kt5
(9)	P x P	P x P	(22)	QR-K1	QR-KKt1
(10)	B-KKt5	B-K3	(23)	Kt-Kt2	R(1)-Kt3
(11)	B-K2	O-O	(24)	R x B	P x R
(12)	O-O	Kt-K2	(25)	B-K2	R-R3
(13)	B x Kt	P x B	(26)	resigns	

Well done, Bedlam (if indeed you did it!). I wonder if, ever since Henry VIII gave that Institute its peculiar character, the inmates have played any other correspondence games, and I do not know if they've been crazy enough to give the Cantabs a chance of redressing the score, or if they've had the sense to leave it at 1 up for Bedlam.

In the concluding game it would seem fitting to pay tribute to a man who was one of the shrewdest of his time and who, I am glad to think, must have irritated some of his contemporaries a good deal more than many an inmate of Bedlam. I refer to Jean Jacques Rousseau, but he didn't play that game in his declining years when he may well have claimed the top board in the Bedlam team; he played and won it in 1760 at the very prime of his mental powers, and his victim was none other than his friend Prince Conti, the same who would help him to escape from France when, a year or two later, *Emile* was bitterly condemned and got its author into trouble. Here's the game.

(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(11)	B x P	Q-Kt2
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(12)	P-B4	P x QP
(3)	B-B4	B-B4	(13)	P-B5	PxP ch.
(4)	P-B3	Q-K2	(14)	K-R1	PxP
(5)	O-O	P-Q3	(15)	BxKt	P x R(Q)
(6)	P-Q4	B-Kt3	(16)	P-B6	QxB(g8)
(7)	B-KKt5	P-B3	(17)	B-R6 ch.	Q-Kt2
(8)	B-R4	P-Kt4	(18)	B x Q ch.	K-Kt1
(9)	KtxKtP	PxKt	(19)	Q-K8 mate	
(10)	Q-R5 ch.	K-B1			

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White announced a pretty mate in 7. How did he live up to it? **B**, a draw, is one of the classics and quite a bargain at 6 ladder-points, but **C**—White to win—might be none too easy for 7 points if I didn't add the useful hint that in the main variation it turns out to be a smothered mate in 9.

A: Goldschmied 1916

B: Ercole del Rio 1750

C: A. S. Seletzky 1933

Usual prizes: Entries by October 17.

REPORT ON COMPETITIONS

No. 310. Set September 10

A: (1) . . . Kt-K7 ch; (2) K-R1, R x P ch; (3) K x R, R-R1 ch., etc.

B: (1) P-B7, Kt-Kt2! (2) P=R!, Kt x P (3) R-B5, Kt-Kt2; (4) R-B6 mate.

C: (1) P-Q7, K-K2; (2) R-Kt8, B x P; (3) R-R8! (K x B?), P queens; (4) P queens ch, K x Q; (5) B-R6 ch, B-Kt1! (6) B x Q! (R x B?), K-B2; (7) B-R6!, P-K7; (8) B x P, K-Kt2; (9) B-B3!, K x R; (10) B x P mate.

C was quite a stumbling block; even so a good many flawless solutions seven of which share the prizes (augmented by September 24's unawarded 2nd): W. H. L. Brooking, R. C. Chaturvedi, M. Kaye, F. R. Oliver, C. Sandberg, C. Sansom, A. Schneider.

No. 311. Set September 17

A: (1) . . . R-KR1. (2) Q x R, Kt-R2! etc.

B: (1) Kt-K2! (R-Kt2 ch?), R-K1. (2) Kt-B1, R-K8 ch. (3) K-Kt2, R x Kt. (4) K-B3, K-B4. (5) R x P! etc.

C: (1) R-R5 ch, K-B3! (2) B-R5! (B-K5 ch?), P-Kt7. (3) B-B3 ch, K-B2! (4) R-B5 ch, K-K1! (K-K3?). (5) B-Kt7, P-K3. (6) R-B8 ch, K-K2. (7) B x P! and wins thanks to the mating threat.
if (1) . . . K-Kt3 (Kt5). (2) R-Kt5 ch, followed by R-Kt1.

Many stumped by **C**, some by **B**. Prizes shared by E. Allan, K. Beaumont, D. E. Cohen, J. R. Harman. Equally flawless: A. J. Roycroft, C. Sandberg.

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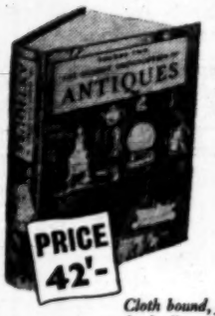

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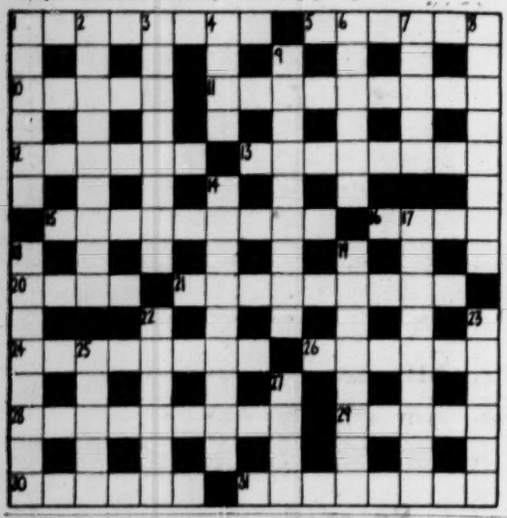
Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 173, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Oct. 18.



ACROSS

1. Parts of the book where the fool retreats before the wise men (8).
5. Organist with a piano among the kitchen equipment (6).
10. Snake jelly (5).
11. The handy way (9).
12. The ball is underneath it but it may be batted (6).
13. Breach of trust concluded by the reverse of primitive work? (8).
15. Call for something to eat before the social occasion (9).
16. Tool to give for security (4).
20. " Bring with thee —— from heaven or blasts from hell " (*Hamlet*) (4).
21. Game for a drink (9).
24. All but one have spots and all mine do so (8).
26. The photographer arrived before the artist (6).
28. A male dares change into a member of the opposite sex (9).
29. Subtract nothing from the deposit and a smaller amount remains (5).
30. Text-book for a don (6).
31. Mavis has a short let (8).

DOWN

1. A slice underneath the page for an actor (6).
2. Time in which tempers are about to be upset (9).
3. One needs caution over a shilling for such sales (8).
4. Every fruit with the soft part cut out (4).
6. Rods for bugbears (6).
7. Clamorous and inquisitive about me (5).
8. Compose poetry about misery or bombardment (8).
9. Riddle of the bees (9).
14. Piece of music for the ballet age perhaps (9).
17. Reparation may make the tenant love me (9).
18. The artist to capture a prophet (8).
19. Cameo's opposite (8).
22. A Priestley play finishes with this course (6).
23. Girl in the story about a donkey (6).
25. The United Kingdom Ambassador hides a poisonous creature (5).
27. Composer who is half a single man (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 171

B	I	O	S	C	O	P	E		R	A	G	O	U	T
R		R		O		L			M		R		H	
A	L	D	E	R	M	A	N		W	H	I	T	E	R
N		E		I		S			A		H		E	
D	R	A	G	N	E	T		C	A	R	T	O	O	N
O		L		T		E	A		I		D		O	
			H	A	R	P	S	I	C	H	O	R	D	
P		S			C		T			X		E		
A	L	T	E	R	C	A	T	I	O	N				
S		Y		E		S		G		A		A		F
S	A	L	L	U	S	T		A	R	U	N	D	E	L
W		I		N			T		P		A		A	
O	S	S	E	I	N		P	I	L	L	A	G	E	S
R		T		O			N		I		I		H	
D	O	S	I	N	G		A	G	R	I	M	O	N	Y

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 171

S. G. H. Davids (*Hertford*), *Brian B. Daubney* (*Lincoln*), *J. F. Macnair* (*Ayr*).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

LONDON County Council. Post of special responsibility: Deputy Headmistress, New County Secondary School for Girls at Bloemfontein Road, Hammersmith, W.12. Headmistress: Miss E. M. Lacy. A new secondary school for about 1,500 girls to be opened in September, 1956. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment as Deputy Headmistress to take up duty for preliminary planning at Easter, 1956. Burnham (London) scale salary with special allowance of £450 a year. The school will work in close association on a voluntary basis with a voluntary-aided grammar school. Courses will be provided for pupils up to and beyond statutory school leaving age, including some leading to the General Certificate of Education or beyond. Special provision will be made for courses in pre-nursing and commerce. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability and varied teaching experience and should be interested in the whole field of secondary education. Application forms EO/TS10 (N.H.G.) to be obtained from and returned to the Education Officer (EO/TS10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, by October 21. Candidates who have recently applied for similar posts and who have no particulars to add may apply on form EO/TS10B. Post of special responsibility: Deputy Headmaster, New County Secondary School for Boys at Bloemfontein Road, Hammersmith, W.12. Headmaster: C. Boot, B.Sc. A new secondary school for about 1,500 boys to be opened in September, 1956. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment as Deputy Headmaster to take up duty for preliminary planning at Easter, 1956. Burnham (London) scale salary with special allowance of £450 a year. The school will work in close association on a voluntary basis with a voluntary-aided grammar school. Courses will be provided for pupils up to and beyond statutory school leaving age, including some leading to the General Certificate of Education or beyond. Special provision will be made for courses in building and art. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability and varied teaching experience and should be interested in the whole field of secondary education. Application forms EO/TS10 (N.H.B.) to be obtained from and returned to Education Officer (EO/TS10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, by October 21. Candidates who have recently applied for similar posts and who have no particulars to add may apply on form EO/TS10B. (1613.)

FABIAN Society requires Assistant General Secretary. £475 or upwards according to qualifications. Write for full particulars to Gen. Secretary, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

CLERK (Statistical) required by F.B.R.A.M.A., 43 Bedford Square, W.C.1, to maintain records and prepare material for printer (average four days per week). No experience necessary, but applicants should be accurate and quick with figures. Post would suit married woman or retired bank clerk. Apply in writing.

CLERKS (up to 40) of good education reqd. for numerous attract. posts frequently avail. at Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires Designer for Television Service. Candidates must be of professional status, either qualified architects or designers, with relevant experience in television, films or theatre. Accurate colour perception essential. Previous experience in handling of construction contracts desirable. Salary £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by 5 annual increments to £1,280 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1284 N. Stm."), should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

B.B.C. requires Variety Producer in Manchester. Duties involve planning, arrangement and production (studio and outside broadcast) of light entertainment programmes and exploration of light entertainment resources in North England. Good knowledge of Variety profession essential, ability to write scripts an advantage. Salary £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,280 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1279 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

BOROUGH of Swindon. Assistant to the Social Development and Public Relations Officer. Applications are invited for the above appointment in the Social Development Section of the Town Clerk's Department at a salary in accordance with A.P.T. Grade III of the National Scales (£600 to £725 per annum). Housing accommodation is available. Applications on forms to be obtained from the Town Clerk, Civic Offices, Swindon, must be returned not later than October 17, 1955.

ST. PANCRAS Borough Council. Appointment of Assistant Children's Librarian. Applications invited for above appointment from persons having passed any one Part of Registration Exam. of Library Assn. A.P.T. Grade I—£500×£20–£580 plus London weighting allowance. Candidates must have experience of work with young people and in modern children's library methods and activities. Applicants must disclose if related to any member or senior officer of the Council. Canvassing disqualifies. No housing. Applications by letter with names of three referees must be received by October 15. R. C. E. Austin, Town Clerk, St. Pancras Town Hall, Euston Rd., London, N.W.1.

FABIAN Society requires Secretary/Shorthand-typist, £6 12s. 6d. p.w. plus increments. 5-day week, 4 weeks' paid holiday. Interesting work. Apply in writing to General Secretary, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

SECRETARY, excellent shorthand, typing, filing, English with fluent German essential, required for West End Office. Interesting job, excell. pay & conditions. Box 207.

NOT so young and even undenisbly elderly applicants (m. & f.) nevertheless do find work through the Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

SHOP Assistant for Arts & Crafts, N.W. London. Apply with refs., Box 140.

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DOMESTIC Science trained Matron/Housekeeper, var. exp. adults, children, sks. complete change, free Jan. Box 144.

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JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service, 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

GERMAN translations, typewriting, etc., ask for quotations. "Lima," 85 Clifford Road, New Barnet, Herts.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

LABOUR Monthly. October special Labour Party Conference issue includes "Crisis of the Labour Party," by R. P. D.; "Trade Bans Boomerang" (Cmdr. E. P. Young, R.N. Retd.); "Education To-day" (M. Cooke); more unpublished letters of Frederick Engels, etc., 1s. 6d. all newsagents or 9s. ½-yrly. from N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

ECONOMIC League; Education in 1954; Notes on the Crisis; Boxing. "Labour Research," 9d. 2 Soho Square, W.1.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms; Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

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PERSONAL

HALF-TERM weekend at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, Oct. 28, Halloween Party & Folk-dancing; Nov. 1 (midweek) "Initiative in Work & Leisure" and "Producing and Staging a Play."

WINTER Sports. My 1955/6 Winter booklet contains a variety of inexpensive arrangements at the best Austrian, Swiss, Italian, French and Norwegian centres. Easy travel via short sea route. Snowsports sleepers at 1gn., couchettes 19s. 13 days' holiday from 23½gns. Write for free booklet now: Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

HUMANISM is a faith for the modern world. Partics.: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2341.

INTERESTING Autumn holidays. Stratford Theatre Weekends October 21 and Nov. 18. Vienna Opera party Nov. 12. Sunshine holidays in Madeira, Sicily, Southern Spain. Details from Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

PERSONAL—continued

ABBATT'S Toyshop, 94 Wimpole Street, W.1. Christmas Display now on view.

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"PLAYING the Recorder" weekend, Oct. 21, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also "Living Drama" & "Learning a Foreign Language."

"KNOW-HOW" means Writing Success for you. No Sale—No Fees tuition. Free N.2 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" from B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, W.1.

PROFESSIONAL Training in Motion Picture and Animated Film Production. Enrol now for new term. Heatherley Film Training Unit, 33 Warwick Square, London, S.W.1. VICtoria 6077.

MATHS for Matric., Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Carlingford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

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SNOWSPORT Special—the new fast train to Austria—will be carrying third-class sleepers, costing only 21s., all the way from Calais to Austria. If planning a ski-ing holiday write for information about this train to R.A. Services, 48 (M7) Park Rd., N.W.1.

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- ✱ *Stalin on British General Election.*
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ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. Tues. to Fri., 7.45. Sats., 5.30 & 8.30 p.m. "The Sheep Well." MARyland 5973.

ARTS. TEM. 3334, 7.30 (ex. M.) St., Sn., 5, 8. "The Burnt Flower-Bed." Mems.

NEW Lindsey. BAY. 2512. Evs. ex. Mon. at 8. Sun. 5 & 8. "The Witch." Mems.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. 10.30 ex. Mn., Sun. 9.30. Musical version "The Bells." Mems.

RUDOLF Steiner. Anouilh's "Antigone," Rattigan's "Harlequinade," October 12-15. PAD. 9967 from the 11th.

ASIAN Music Circle (Pres.: Yehudi Menuhin) Sitara Devi, well-known exponent of Kathak dances (North India-Pakistan), Sat., Oct. 15 and Sun., 16, both 3 p.m. Irving Theatre, Irving St., Leicester Sq., W.C.2. Future activities planned include Peking Opera Co., Music & Dances of Indonesia, Philippines, Uzbekistan, Kazakhstan, etc. Mems. & guests only. Ann. mem. 7s. 6d. Students 2s. 6d. Details, Sec., 18, Fitzalan Rd., N.3. FIN. 2934.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Oct. 16: "Les Enfants du Paradis" (A).

ROXY Rep. BAY. 2345. Oct. 9: The River (U); You Can't Sleep Here (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank, Wat.: 3232. Sat., Oct. 8. Montgomery Clift, Shelley Winters in "A Place in the Sun" (A). Dir.: George Stevens. 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

UNITY: "The Road to Life," by Anton Makarenko. Fri., Sat., Sun., at 7.45. Membership 2s. 6d. a year. EUS. 5391.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sat. Oct. 29, 2.30. "Nature's Dominion," Mervyn Cowie's colour film of African wild-life. WAT. 3191.

PROGRAMMES of Art Film at Geffrye Museum, Kingsland Road, E.2, on Oct. 9, Oct. 16 & Oct. 23 at 2.30 & 4 p.m. Oct. 9: "Matisse," "Terres et Flammes" & "Métier de Sculpteur."

OAKHURST Social Club invites members & friends to a Reunion Dance, Sat., Oct. 8, at the Bishopsgate Institute, 230 Bishopsgate, E.C.2. Tickets 5s.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Dancing to Norman Jackson's "Noveltones," Sat., Oct. 8, 8-11 p.m. Mems. 3s. and their guests 5s.

THE first Central London Fabian Society Dance this season had a record crowd. Make sure you don't miss having a good time by coming along to their next dance at 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1 (Underground: Holborn), 8-11.30 p.m. on Sat., Oct. 8. Adm. 3s. 6d.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall, Wed., Oct. 12 at 5.45 p.m. Marcel Dupré—Organ Recital. Works Bach, Mozart, Franck, Dupré. Tickets 3s. 6d. WAT. 3191 & Agents.

BACH Concert. London Harpsichord Ensemble. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room. This Sat., Oct. 8, 8.15. WAT. 3191.

CHOPIN Recital by Iso Elinson. 24 Preludes, B flat minor Sonata, &c. Sun., Oct. 9, at 3. Wigmore Hall. From 3s. Wel. 2141. Management N. Chouveaux.

ROBERT Masters Quartet. Piano Trio by Schubert, Piano Quartets by Dvorak & Fauré. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room. Sat., October 15, at 8.15 (WAT. 3191).

VIOLIN & Piano Recital. Tessa Robbins (Brussels Prize Winner) & Robin Wood (Queen's Prize Winner). Prokofiev (Toccata Op. 11 & Sonata for Solo Violin Op. 115), Rachmaninoff, Skriabin, etc. Sun., Oct. 9, 7.30 p.m., at S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Ref'mnts. Adm. 3s. 6d. (S.C.R. 2s. 6d.).

FOUR Lecture Recitals on German Lieder, Mons., Oct. 10, 17, 24, 31, 7.30 (Course fee 5s.). Dineley Studios, 1 Devonshire Terr., Marylebone Rd., W.1. Olive Daunt, B.A., A.R.C.M. & Ruth Richardson, L.R.A.M.

BRUNSWICK Boys Choir: Church music by Verdi, Bach, Schütz and others. Fri., Oct. 7, 7.30 p.m. St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Details from German Welfare Council, 25 Villiers St., W.C.2. (TRA. 7231.)

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d., post free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Sculpture by Germaine Richier. Until November 5.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: The Story of Pharmacy; Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Friday. Adm. Free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Recent paintings by Keith Baynes. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

CHINESE Prints Exhib.—Collet's Gallery, 45 Museum St., W.C.1. Open till Oct. 29, week-days 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sats. 4 p.m.

PICCADILLY Gallery, 16a Cork St., W.1. Ceramics by W. Meyer-Michael and New Paintings by H. Veal. October 10-22.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by John Bratby. 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

BRITISH Watercolours & Drawings from the Gilbert Davis Collection (Second Series). Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Oct. 22, Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats., 10-6, Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission free.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Adja Yunkers Colour Woodcuts, Monotypes. Sept. 20-Oct. 11. Daily 10-6 inc. Sats.

"DESIGN for Sleep." Heal's bedding specialities for individual needs. Extra wide and long beds, firm mattresses, soft mattresses, space-saving beds, etc. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18, Old Bond St., W.1. Francois Desnoyer—First" major London Exhibition. 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

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I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Eight Painters. Opening Oct. 13. Mon.-Fri., 10.30-6, Sat., 10.30-1. Admission 6d.

GIMPEL Fils. 50 South Molton St., W.1. From Tues., Oct. 11: John Forrester—Constructions. John Levee—Paintings.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Lubarda and Leonard Appelbee Paintings, David Smith Water-colours. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

STEUBEN Glass Exhibition. Designs by Epstein, Sutherland, Dobson, Piper, Matisse, Cocteau, etc. Park Lane House (facing Dorchester Hotel entrance). Wkdays., 11-7, Sun., 2-7. Opening Fri., Oct. 14.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Square. Contemporary Trends 1955. Open daily 11 to 6 inc. Sats. to Oct. 25. Also Pictures for Hire.

THE Renel Gallery, Burlington Arcade. Pastels by Helen Wilson. Oct. 11-29.

THE Crafts Centre of Great Britain, 16-17 Hay Hill, London, W.1. Exhibition of Lithographs selected by the Senefelder Club until November 5. Mons. to Fri. 10-5. Sats. 10-12.30. Admission free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Paintings by Jean Marchand (1883-1940); Original French Lithographs in Colour; Paintings by George Manchester. Hours 10-6. Sat., 10-1 p.m. Closes Oct. 22.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Ave. Donald Fisher. Sept. 25-Oct. 22.

GAUGUIN Paintings, Sculpture & Engravings. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till October 26. Week-days 10-8, Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Michael Ayrton: an exhibition of paintings, drawings, sculpture, book illustration and stage design, 1944-1955. Week days 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19, Cork St., W.1. Rect. Sciptre by Emilio Greco; Fine French paintings, 19th & 20th Century.

WALKER'S Galleries, 118 New Bond St. Stained Glass by Gordon Webster.

BOHEMIAN Glass, Tea Centre, 22 Regent St. Dly. 10-6 with Films. Adm. Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

NEW Horizons for International Co-operation. W. J. W. Cheesman. "The Middle East—Co-operation in the Arab States." Wed., Oct. 12, 7.30. Swedenborg Hall, Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1. Free. London Co-operative Societies' Joint Education Committee.

"SCIENCE in China To-day." Prof. Bernal, Prof. Lonsdale, Dr. Needham. Chair.: Dr. H. Joules. Wednesday, Oct. 19, 7.30 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Reserved seats 2s. 6d., unreserved 1s. Britain-China Friendship Assoc., 228 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. TERminus 2522.

BAHAI'I Centre, 27 Rutland Gate, S.W.7. Public Meeting, 8 p.m. Thursday, October 13. "The Covenant of God."

LABOUR Party Conference. "The Use and Misuse of Atomic Energy." Professor J. B. S. Haldane, Dr. D. Gordon Evans. Chair: Dr. D. Stark Murray. 3 p.m. Cliftonville Hall, Margate, Sunday, October 9. Auspices, Socialist Medical Association.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society: "The Development of the Labour Party"—Peter Archer. 7.30, Wed., Oct. 12. St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Vis. welc., 2s.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. October. Monday, 10, 8 p.m. Ill. lecture recital on "Dizzy Gillespie," by Alan Morgan. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 2s. 6d. Thursday, 13, 8.15 p.m.: Ill. lecture, English Art Movements. II "The Camden Town Group," by Quentin Bell. Chairman: Gabriel White. Members 3s. Guests 4s. Membership invited.

"BEWICK and our Graphic Tradition," by Ken Sprague. Morris Room, 78 Regent's Pk. Rd., N.W.1, 8 p.m. Sun. Oct. 9. 2s. Stud. 1s. Communist Pty. Artists Grp.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

INDIAN Inst. of Culture, London Br. Fri. 8.30, Oct. 7. Iqbal Singh: "Indian Novelists Writing in English." Oct. 14. Somnath Dhar: "Kalhana: Poet-Historian of Kashmir." 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

"FILMS & Filming in U.S.S.R." Frank Hazell (British Film Institute). Visited U.S.S.R. Aug., 1955. Tues., Oct. 11, 7.30 p.m. At S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. 1s.).

"MAGICIAN in Moscow." Horace King (Magic Circle) on Light Entertainment in U.S.S.R. (Visited Russia & Georgia Aug., 1955). Fri. Oct. 14, 7.30. At S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. 1s.).

J. B. COATES: "A Humanist Educational Policy" at 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8 (off Kensington High Street), Friday, October 14, at 7.30 p.m. Discussion.

"CLOTHES—and the Position of Women." James Laver, C.B.E., will address Fawcett Society meeting at Alliance Hall, Palmer St., Westminster, Thurs., Oct. 13, 7 p.m. Admission free; silver collection.

ARTHUR Bienkinsop, M.P. on "The Work of the United Nations and how you can help." At Anglo-Israeli Club, 43 Great Windmill St., W.1. Thursday, October 13 at 8.15 p.m.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd., W.8. Oct. 15, 6 p.m. M. Gaston Cathou (Alliance Française): "Boulevard St. Michel et Quartier Latin."

MARGATE: British-Asian Socialist Fellowship Tea Meeting on Monday, October 10, at 5.15 p.m. Subject: "Israel Today." Speakers: Mr. A. W. J. Greenwood, M.P., and Dr. S. Levenberg (European representative of the Israel Labour Party—Mapai). Chairman: Rt. Hon. K. G. Younger, M.P. Place: Cliftonville Hall, St. Paul's Road, Cliftonville. Tickets price 3s. obtainable in advance from Cyril S. Isaac, B.A.S.P., Transport House, Smith Sq., S.W.1, or at door.

GENEVA "Atoms for Peace" Conference: report by D. G. Arnott, E.H.S. Burhop, Wed., Oct. 12, 7.30, Friends' House, Euston Rd. Adm. 6d. Science for Peace.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "The Whole Man." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., October 9, 7 p.m. Music & readings at 6.30.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday, Oct. 11, at 7.15 p.m. H. J. Blackham, B.A., "Some Humanist Classics." Adm. free. Collection.

RACIAL Unity; Five Fortnightly Lectures by Mr. Cedric Dover, "The Colour Problem in Britain," begin 7, Mon., Oct. 17, 32 Tavistock Sq., Mems. free, sub. 10s.

PETER Townsend speaks on his recent book, "China Phœnix," at Collet's Exhibn. Gallery, 45 Museum Street, W.C.1. Tues., Oct. 18, at 6.30 p.m. Tickets 1s. from Collet's.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public lecture, Sun., 8 p.m., Oct. 9: "The Recognition of Universal Law."

"THE German People in World Crisis," R. Clements, New Generation Group, Burgh House, Well Walk, nr. Hampstead Tube Stn. Mon., Oct. 10, at 8.

DR. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., "The Religion of Albert Schweitzer." Oct. 9, 11 a.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall (near Holborn Tube Stn.), Thurs., October 13, 7.30: "Concepts of the Ultimate Reality." On Sundays at 5 at Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., N.10: Meditation & Discourse. All welcome.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. PAR. 7379. Oct. 7, 8 p.m. A. Halpern, "1917: from February to October." Oct. 14, 8 p.m. Rev. A. Bloom, "Sorsky and Volokolamsky."

CENTRAL Jewish Lit. re-opens at the Vienna Café, Baker St. with "Warsaw—1955." Film Show and talk by Mr. M. Woolf. Wed., Oct. 12, 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of three lectures on "The Rise and Fall of Maya Civilisation" will be given by Dr. J. E. S. Thompson (Carnegie Institution of Washington) at 5.30 p.m. Oct. 13, 14 & 17 at Univ. College (Anatomy Theatre), Gower St., W.C.1. Adm. free, without tkt.

WHO is Man? Six lectures by J. G. Bennett based on the Gurdjieff teaching and method. Conway Hall, Oct. 17 and 24, Nov. 3, 10, 14, 21. Tickets reserved 30s. and 20s. for whole series. Unreserved 15s. from Lecture Secretary, Coombe Springs, Kingston-on-Thames. Sgle. tkts. 5s. at door.

STUDY and discuss Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Donne, Milton, Restoration comedy—course meeting Wednesdays 6.30 p.m. Enrolling now, 12s. per session. The Registrar, Mary Ward Settlement, 5-7, Tavistock Place, W.C.1. Tel.: EUSton 1816.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

LECTURES at Geffrye Museum, Kingsland Road, E.2. October 11 at 7 p.m. "Furniture Before 1700" by John Lowe. October 18 at 7 p.m. "18th Century Furniture" by John Lowe. October 25 at 7 p.m. "19th Century Furniture" by Peter Floud. November 1 at 7 p.m. "20th Century Furniture" by Sir Gordon Russell.

"MODERN British Statesmen." 8 public lectures, Tues., 6.30, beginning Oct. 11. Lloyd George (Frank Owen), Balfour (A. P. Ryan), Curzon (Sir Harold Nicolson), Joseph Chamberlain (Julian Amery), Milner (Sir Evelyn Wrench), Baldwin (G. M. Young), Bonar Law (Robert Blake), Some Political Pioneers (Lord Pethick-Lawrence). Course ticket 7s. 6d. Tickets and details from Sec., Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1. (WAT 6872.)

READING Efficiency Courses for business executives, research workers, civil servants. Particulars from North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., London, N.W.5.

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